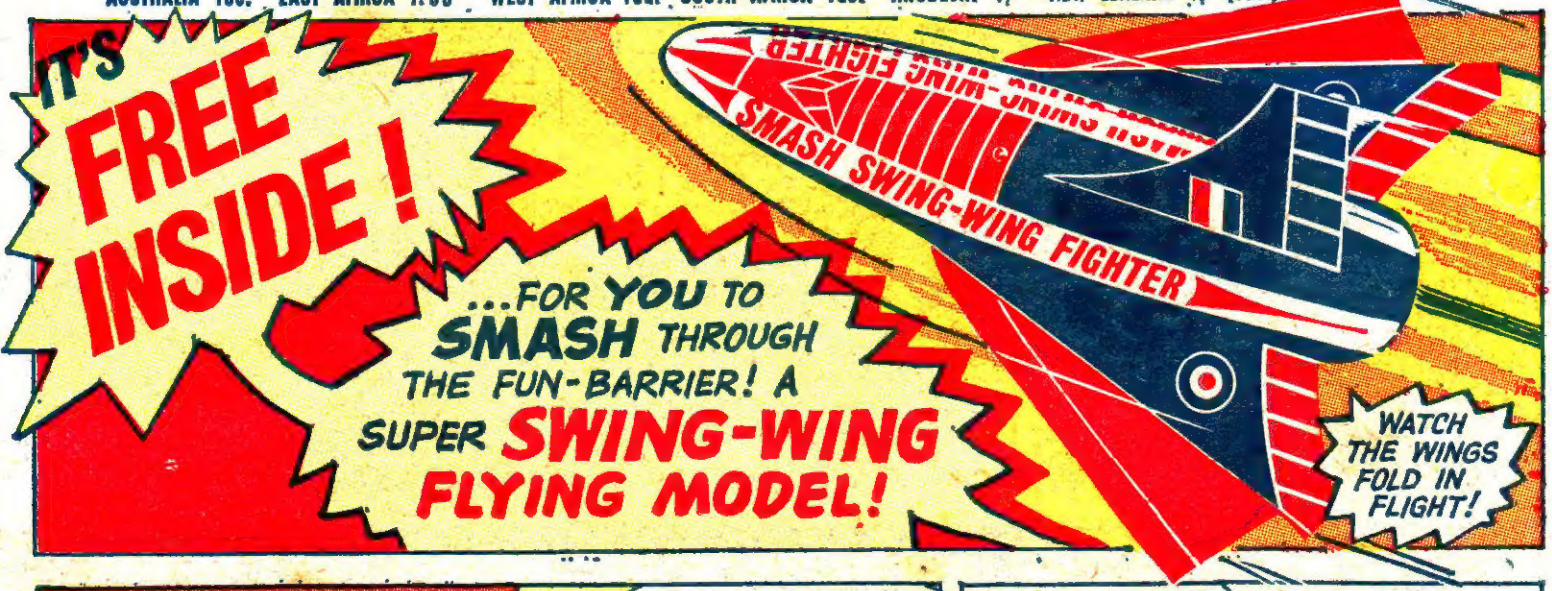
A POWER COMIC

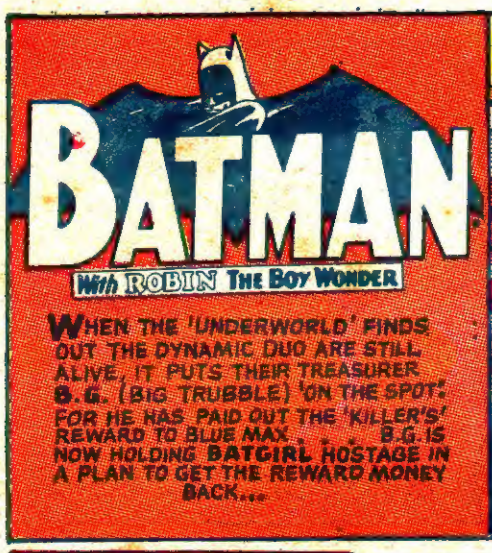
EYES DOWN—THEN OPEN UP FOR A FAB FREE GIFT !

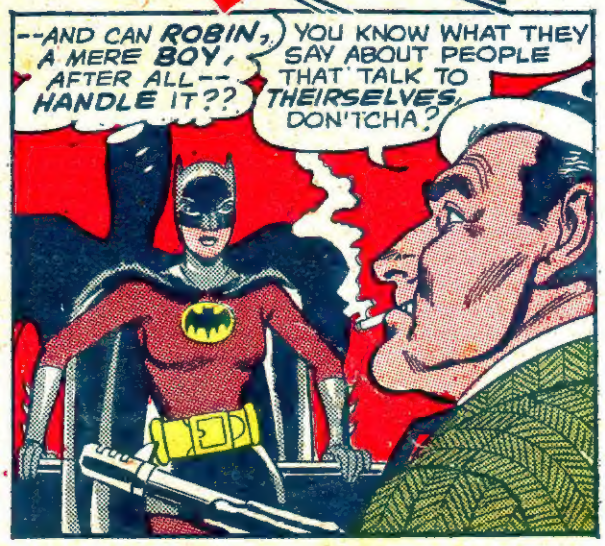
SMASH!

No. 108
24th FEB. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)







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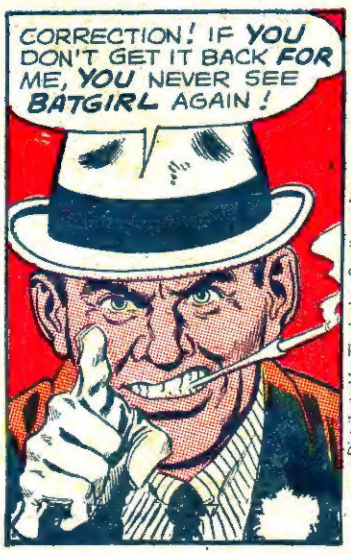

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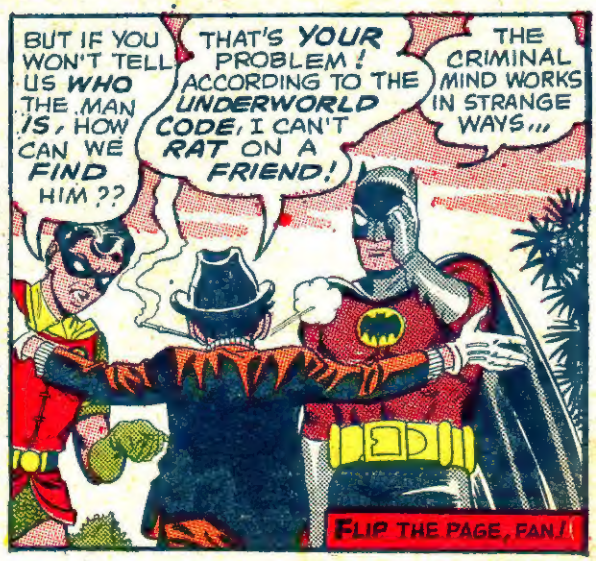

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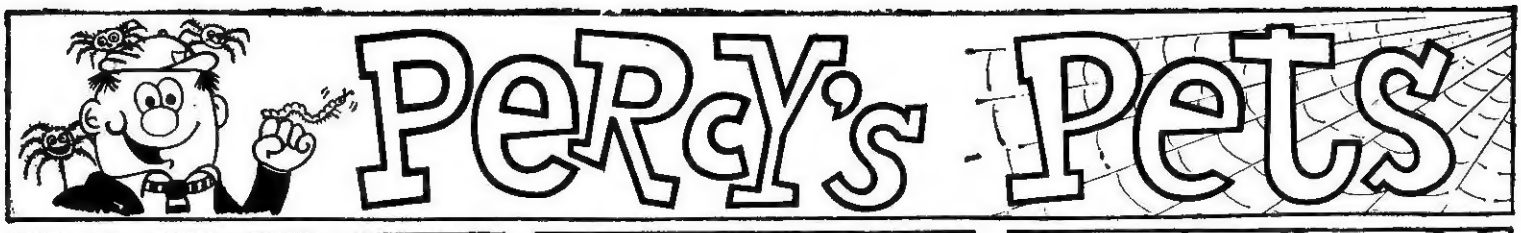
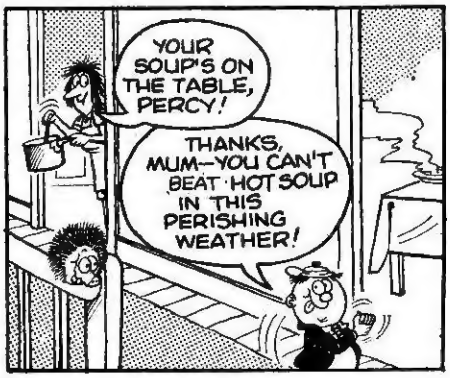
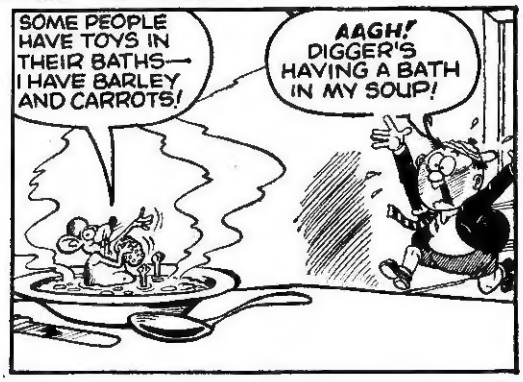

Percy's Pets

MEET DIGGER, PERCY'S NEW PET FROM AUSTRALIA, READERS...
BRR! I'M FROZEN STIFF IN THIS COUNTRY—WHAT I NEED IS A GOOD, HOT B-BATH!

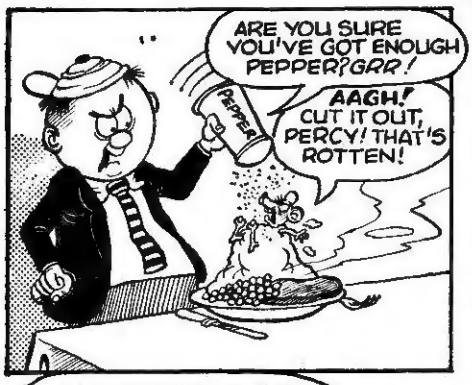

YOUR SOUP'S ON THE TABLE, PERCY!
THANKS, MUM—YOU CAN'T BEAT HOT SOUP IN THIS PERISHING WEATHER!


SOME PEOPLE HAVE TOYS IN THEIR BATHS—I HAVE BARLEY AND CARROTS!
AAGH! DIGGER'S HAVING A BATH IN MY SOUP!

THAT WAS LOVELY! I'M MUCH WARMER NOW—AND THE TABLECLOTH MAKES A SMASHING TOWEL!
GRR! I'LL HAVE TO GET THAT TWERP A REAL BATH—HE'S RUINED MY SOUP!

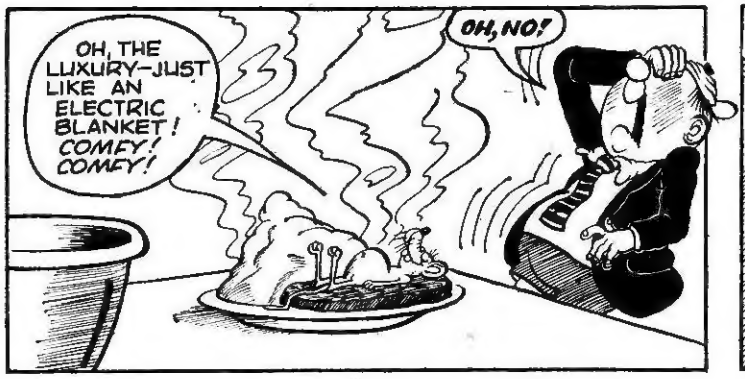
IF HE WANTS A BATH HE CAN USE THIS OLD BASIN—THANK GOODNESS THE GRAVY IN MY NEXT COURSE WON'T BE DEEP ENOUGH FOR BATHS!

AAGH! HE'S IN THE MASH, NOW!
LOVELY! JUST LIKE A TURKISH BATH! THIS'LL GET RID OF MY FAT!


ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH PEPPER? GRR!
PEPPER
AAGH! CUT IT OUT, PERCY! THAT'S ROTTEN!

ATCHOO!
WAA-AAH! NOW MY PEAS HAVE GONE, TOO! OUCH! OOH! OOH!

AT LEAST I'VE GOT THE STEAK LEFT—HE CAN'T GET INTO THAT!


OH, THE LUXURY—JUST LIKE AN ELECTRIC BLANKET! COMFY! COMFY!
OH, NO!

BATH TIME, DIGGER! IN YOUR NEW BATH!
WAA-AAH! I'VE JUST HAD A BATH—AND THERE ISN'T ANY WATER IN THIS THING!

WHO NEEDS WATER?

MAYBE I'LL GET PEACE TO EAT MY JAM TART AND CUSTARD NOW—GETTING A NEW BATH FOR DIGGER DID THE TRICK!

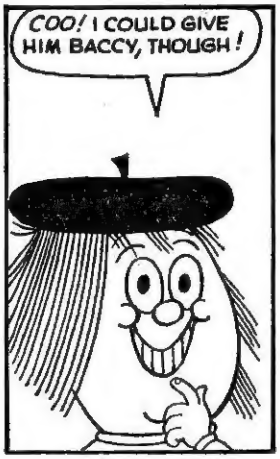
AAGH! LET ME OUT! ROTTEN OLD PERCY—PERCY'S A CHEAT! HELP! HELP!
IT'S AN AUSTRALIAN BATH—YOU TAKE IT UPSIDE DOWN! HEH! HEH!

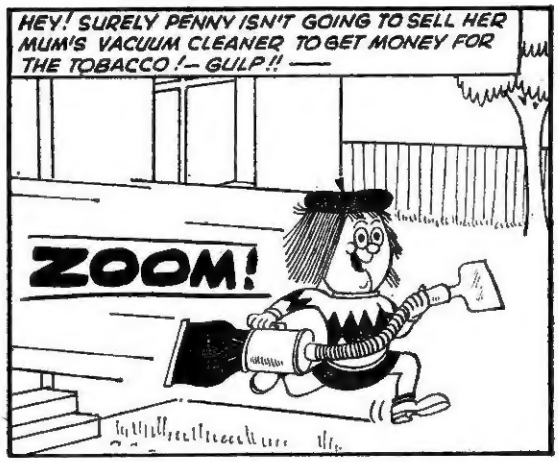
BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1968

HUH! IT'S DAD'S BIRTHDAY—I SUPPOSE HE'LL BE EXPECTING ME TO GIVE HIM SOMETHING!
1968
FEB
20

HOW DOES HE EXPECT ME TO SAVE UP FOR BIRTHDAY PRESENTS ON A MEASLY TWO-SHILLINGS A WEEK POCKET MONEY?


COO! I COULD GIVE HIM BACCY, THOUGH!


HEY! SURELY PENNY ISN'T GOING TO SELL HER MUM'S VACUUM CLEANER TO GET MONEY FOR THE TOBACCO!—GULP!! ——
ZOOM!

AAH! THAT'S GOT IT FILLED—NOW FOR A NICE PUFF-UP!

ERK!
WHOOSH!

HEH! HEH! YOUR PIPE'S DIRTY, MISTER—LET PENNY CLEAN IT OUT FOR YOU!
AHH! MY BEST BLENDED BACCY!!
WHIRR!

ROUND THE CORNER —
I REALLY MUST GIVE UP SMOKING—BUT IT ISN'T EASY! SIGH—!!

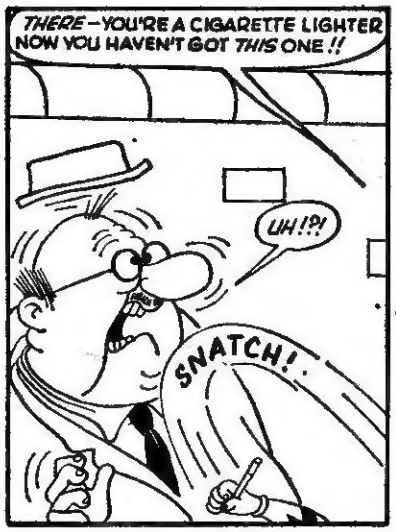
MY GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY— YOU CAN'T SMOKE IT NOW, SIR—AREN'T I KIND TO YOU?
WHIRR!
AAGH! ALL MY WEEK'S TOBACCO! GONE!!

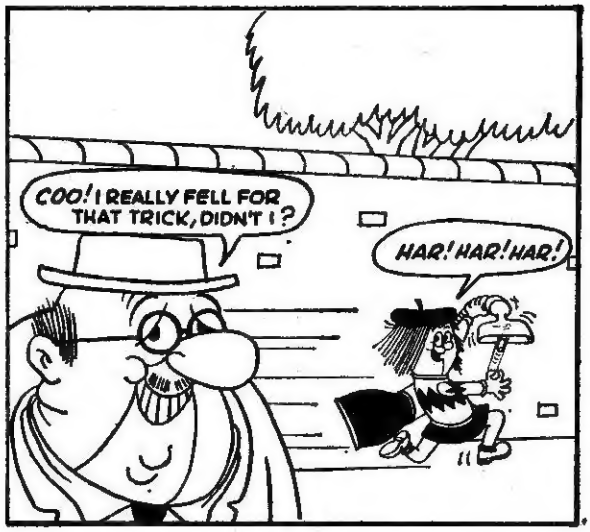
ALMOST FULL
HAR! HAR! IT'S IN THE BAG—AND IT WON'T COST ME A PENNY!

?
A FEW FAG ENDS WON'T HARM THE FLAVOUR!
WHIRR!

COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A LIGHT, SIR—?
COO! MORE BACCY!
SORRY—I DON'T SMOKE.

?
I COULD MAKE YOU A CIGARETTE LIGHTER, SIR—


THERE—YOU'RE A CIGARETTE LIGHTER NOW YOU HAVEN'T GOT THIS ONE !!
UH!?!
SNATCH!


COO! I REALLY FELL FOR THAT TRICK, DIDN'T I?
HAR! HAR! HAR!

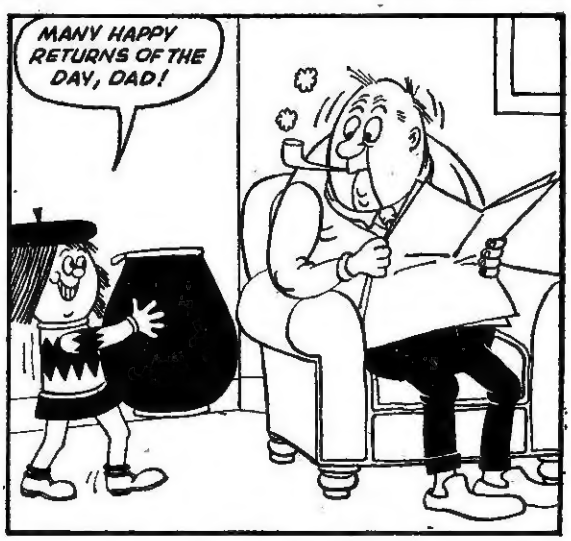
AND SO IT GOES ON—
EEK!

—AND ON—
EEK!

—AND ON—

AND ON!
AGH! MY CHEWING TOBACCO !!

WELL, THAT'S DAD'S PRESENT! THE BAG IS FULL UP NOW!


MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY, DAD!

♪ HAPPY BIRFDAY TO YOU—HAPPY BIRFDAY TO YOU!
AAGH! W-WHAT'S THIS? CHOKE!— SPLUTTER!

ER— MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE EMPTIED THE DUST OUT OF THE BAG BEFORE I STARTED!— G-GULP!

—COME IN HERE... EMPTYING RUBBISH ALL OVER MY BEST CARPET... ON MY BIRTHDAY!... TAKE THAT!
WHACK!
OUCH! STOP IT!— YOU'RE ONLY MAKING MORE DUST! WAAH!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

NEVER MIND WHAT THE PAPERS SAY! We're telling you! Britain's FIRST SWING WING FIGHTER goes into operation . . . TODAY! Where? Right in your own backyard. And in those of every Powerhouser wise enough to have grabbed his hot-off-the-press copy of SMASH . . . out today!

It's an ever-lovin' aeronautical FACT! And here's the full story behind this earth-shaking episode.

Dear old CASANOVA COS is a pretty nice, patient, and non-jealous sort of feller . . . but of late he HAS been developing A THING about his peerless paper being overlooked and neglected (well, that's the way he'd begun to see it, anyway). Because of all the RAVES we've been doing about the new POW and the even newer new FANTASTIC. And all the wonderful free gifts that have been handed out by those two Power Papers. And not ONE from SMASH!

Well, keeping COS and his SMASH-slaves happy is something very near and dear to us. And keeping YOU FRANTIC FOLLOWERS happy is something even nearer and dearer to us.

So what do we up and do? We GIVE him a free gift to be given away in SMASH! And we put our heads together and dream up a GASSER for him. Nothing less than this great, awe-inspiringly arted, model SWING-WING FIGHTER!

Snap it into the air . . . and ZOOOOMMMMMMMM! . . . just watch its wings snap back into position as if for full super-sonic flight! And while you're having FUN GALORE with this super-sonic model you can reflect on the fulsome fact that COS is his happy, smilin' self again. And he doesn't feel neglected AT ALL! Because WE'VE DONE HIM PROUD. And us thinks we've done YOU proud, too.

But if you haven't YET got your copy of today's SMASH, with it's wonderful free gift, you'd better rev up right now . . . and take-off for your nearest newsagent. And keep hoping YOU'RE STILL IN TIME!

The same things goes for TODAY'S issue of FANTASTIC! Don't forget the world's top super-hero weekly is giving away a genuine cash-free geary BADGE . . . complete with super-hero decorative extras! Don't let other snappy-dressers whip these sartorial splendours right from under your nose. Grab 9d. . . . plus 7d. for SMASH . . . and go, go, GO!!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Neil Gardner, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; Kathleen Heaton, Ilkeston, Derbyshire; Alan Moran, Prescot, Lancashire; Alan Turner, Wisbech, Cambridge; Patrick Williams, Christchurch, Hants.; Sandra Pope, Teignmouth, Devon; Laurence Tysome, Herne Bay, Kent; Molly Longdon, London, N.12; Nigel Lloyd, Merthyr Tydfil, Wales; Ian Jordan, Leeds 14; Andrew Petts, Hayle, Cornwall; Janet Nicholls, Basildon, Essex; Delores Summerfield, Hampstead, London, N.W.3; Dennis Kendall, Bermondsey, London, S.E.1; Andrew Marsh, Maidstone, Kent; Michael Boyes, Bishops Stortford, Herts.; Ian Kovacs, Willesden, London; Adam Lindsay, Angus, Scotland; Frank Somers, Putney, London, S.W.15; Del Radley, Hockley, Essex.

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

VANISHING SIXPENCE

VANISHING tricks are always great for a giggle—so here is one of the greatest—and easy to learn to powerful perfection. The only equipment you need is a sixpence.

All set . . . ? Right! Place the sixpence beneath the fingertips of your right hand and rub, with a circular motion, half a dozen times on your left forearm, telling anyone watching that you are going to actually RUB IT INTO YOUR ARM . . . Then accidentally (but deliberately) let it drop. It is, of course, all part of the act.

So pick it up with your RIGHT hand and begin again . . . Now repeat the performance — and again pick up the fallen sixpence with your RIGHT hand . . .

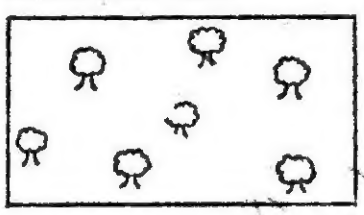
THE PAY-OFF!

Carry on rubbing — but now, when you drop the sixpence again, pick it up with your LEFT hand.

And here comes the pay-off . . . no-one will have noticed that you switched hands, and the sixpence is now concealed in your left hand as you rub your *left* arm. In fact, you are now only pretending there is a coin in the hand with which you are rubbing!

Now, after a few rubs, slow down, as though it's getting harder work as the coin actually enters your arm . . . then open your rubbing right hand to show that it is EMPTY!

When the gasps of surprise have died down, reach down to your shoe, or up to your ear with your left hand to "remove" the sixpence from there!



There are seven trees in the field above. Can you, by drawing just THREE straight lines, divide up the field so that each tree is separated from the rest? I'll give you the answer next week.

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PLEASE SEND ME THE FREE GREAT BRITAIN PACKET AND APPROVALS. I ENCLOSE 4d. POSTAGE.

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.....

HERE COMES... DAREDEVIL

IN: "THE SECRET OF THE MEDALLION!"

LORD PLUNDER, PIRATE OF MERCILESS POWER, HAS BOTH DAREDEVIL AND KA-ZAR, THE JUNGLE LORD, PRISONERS ON HIS STRANGE SHIP. PLUNDER CLAIMS THAT KA-ZAR IS HIS BROTHER— BUT WHY DOES HE SO BADLY WANT THAT HALF OF A MEDALLION KA-ZAR HOLDS? THAT'S A POWERFUL QUESTION, FRIENDS— AS YOU WILL QUICKLY SEE...

KA-ZAR TRUST NO MAN! YOU ARE MY ENEMY!! KA-ZAR KILL!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

DARKNESS FALLS AS PLUNDER'S FANTASTIC UNDERSEA CRAFT FINALLY EMERGES IN A LONELY LAGOON BENEATH A GRIM AND TOWERING CASTLE ON THE ENGLISH COAST...

OUT, SLAGG! TO THE CASTLE WITH YE! PREPARE THE SCURVY STAFF FOR THE COMING OF THEIR MASTER!

THUS, WITHIN MINUTES, FEVERISH ACTIVITY FILLS THE GREAT BARONIAL HALLS...

FASTER, YE LUBBERS! CAP'N PLUNDER WILL HAVE YER HIDES IF THERE ISN'T ENOUGH GRUB 'N GROG!

THAT'S IT, YE OVER-STUFFED SALAMANDERS! HOP WHEN SLAGG GIVES YE AN ORDER!!! ESPECIALLY YOU, FEEPERS, YE SLOW-MOVIN' SWINE!

WE'RE DOING OUR BEST, SIR! THE FOOD AND DRINK ARE INDEED THE FINEST!

AND, IN THE MOMENTS THAT FOLLOW, IT SEEMS THAT THE RIOTOUS REVELLERS HAVE LITTLE CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT...

DRINK HEARTY, YE MISERABLE SCULLIONS! AFTER TODAY, THE WORLD WILL BE MINE!

MORE GROG, FEEPERS... OR YE'LL FEEL THE WEIGHT OF ME BOOT, YE SPINELESS SEA-GOAT!

AT ONCE, MILORD... AT ONCE!

MY RADAR SENSE HAS ALMOST FULLY RETURNED TO ME! KA-ZAR'S BERRIES REALLY DID CONTAIN HEALING POWERS! BUT, I MUST BIDE MY TIME.. TILL I LEARN MORE! I MUST KNOW THE SECRET OF THOSE TWIN MEDALLIONS!

BUT, AS THE EVENING WEARS ON, THE REVELLERS BEGIN TO GROW WEARY... HEAVY-EYED.. UNTIL, AT LAST, ONE BY ONE THEY SLUMP DOWN UPON THE GREAT TABLE, VICTIMS OF THEIR OWN RIOTOUS GLUTTONY...!

PLUNDER'S MEN ARE DROPPING OFF TO SLEEP! IT'S HAPPENING TOO QUICKLY... TOO CONVENIENTLY... TO BE PURELY ACCIDENTAL!

AHHH... NOW THAT WAS A PARTY.. ZZZZ...

ME EYES.. CAN'T HOLD THEM OPEN ANY LONGER..

AND NOW THAT MY LITTLE SLEEPING POTIONS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK, IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO DO YOURS!

I HAVE LET YOU LIVE FOR ONLY ONE REASON! KA-ZAR SEEMS TO TRUST YOU MORE THAN ANY OTHER MAN! SO IT SHALL BE YOU WHO GETS THE OTHER HALF OF THE MEDALLION FROM HIM... FOR ME!

AT LAST! THE MOMENT I'VE WAITED FOR!

KEEP WALKING! FOLLOW THE SOUND OF MY VOICE!

HE STILL DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT I CAN NOW "SEE" IN THE SEMI-GLOOM EVEN BETTER THAN HE CAN!

TELL ME, PLUNDER... WHAT IS SO VALUABLE ABOUT THAT SMALL MEDALLION THAT YOU WOULD GO TO SUCH LENGTHS TO GET THE OTHER HALF FROM KA-ZAR?

THEN, SWIFTLY... SAVAGELY... LIKE TWO STEEL-SINEWED TITANS, THE SIGHTLESS SWASHBUCKLER AND THE JUNGLE LORD BATTLE AS FEW MEN HAVE EVER BATTLED BEFORE! KA-ZAR, GOADED BY AN UNCONTROLLABLE FURY, SLASHING, STRIKING, SMASHING... BATTLING AGAINST A WORLD HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND. DAREDEVIL, FIGHTING WITH THE SKILL AND POWER THAT HAVE MADE HIS NAME A LEGEND, SEEKING TO SUBDUE HIS SAVAGE FOE, WITHOUT INJURING THE UNTAMED GIANT...!

...UHHH! JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF!
HAH! KA-ZAR FAST AS JUNGLE CAT!

WELL, HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOUR CLAWS PULLED, PAL!
URRHH!
BOK!

NONE ESCAPE FROM JUNGLE LORD!
UHH...

IT'S USELESS! I CAN'T MATCH HIS STRENGTH!
THWOK!
IF I HADN'T ROLLED WITH THAT BLOW, IT WOULD HAVE FINISHED ME!

BUT, I CAN'T QUIT NOW! THERE'S TOO MUCH AT STAKE!
HE'S ATTACKING AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO TIME THIS JUST RIGHT...!

HE'S ALMOST TIRELESS! AND YET... IF I CAN HOLD HIM AT BAY JUST A WHILE LONGER...!

NOW, AT LAST! HE'S IN THE RIGHT POSITION! I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST... THIS MAY BE MY ONLY CHANCE!
YOU SMALLER... WEAKER THAN KA-ZAR! BUT FIGHT LIKE MASTODON! YET KA-ZAR WIN! NONE DEFEAT KA-ZAR!

THAT'S IT, LONG-HAIR... YOU JUST STAND THERE MAKING SPEECHES WHILE I DO WHAT MUST BE DONE!
SO FAR, SO GOOD! USING HIS BACK FOR A SPRING-BOARD, I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT TO THE TOP AGAIN!

CRACK!
BLAST YOU! I THOUGHT YOU WERE BL!..UHHH!
PERFECT! LUCKY FOR ME, PLUNDER WAS IN JUST THE RIGHT SPOT, TOO!
WOK!
SORRY, PLUNDER! YOU MUST LEARN TO ACCEPT LIFE'S LITTLE DISAPPOINTMENTS!

KA-ZAR, LISTEN TO ME! I'LL PROVE I'M YOUR FRIEND!
I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF THERE! JUST DO AS I TELL YOU...!
KA-ZAR HAVE NO FRIENDS! KA-ZAR NEED NO FRIENDS!

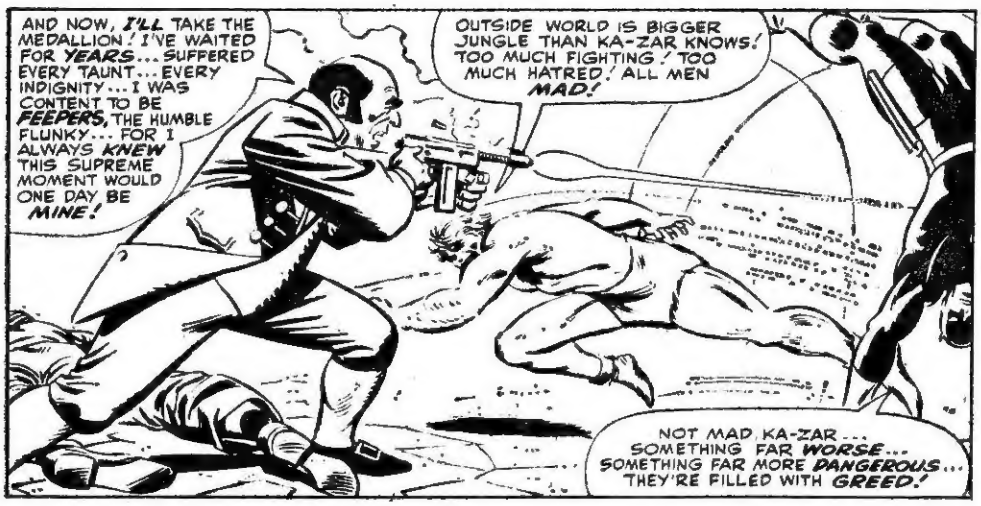
ALL RIGHT, MISTER... YOU SAID YOUR PIECE! NOW LISTEN! JUMP UP AND GRAB MY BILLY CLUB! ...AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
IT'S HIS ONLY WAY OUT! THOSE WALLS ARE SMOOTH AS GLASS... NO CHANCE FOR A TOE HOLD!
COME ON, KEVIN! WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER!
KEVIN..??

KEVIN! KE-VIN...! YEARS AGO... KA-ZAR HEAR... KEVIN!
PLUNDER SPOKE THE TRUTH! THE NAME RANG A BELL WITH KA-ZAR!

BUT, CONCEALED IN THE NEARBY SHADOWS, A SILENT FIGURE HAS WITNESSED THE ENTIRE GRIM TABLEAU...
QUIET, MATEY! NOW WE KNOW THE SECRET! ONCE WE GET THAT MEDALLION FROM THE SAVAGE, THE WORLD'LL BELONG TO SLAGG!
NOW BEHAVE YOURSELF, BIG FELLA, OR I'LL PUSH YOU BACK DOWN AGAIN!
YOU FRIEND! KA-ZAR KNOW! BUT OTHERS.. BAD! KA-ZAR SMASH!

WAIT! I SENSE SOMEONE.. IN THE SHADOWS! WE'RE IN DANGER! KA-ZAR... TAKE COVER!
TOO LATE FOR THAT, ME HEARTIES! YER BOTH DONE FOR... AND THE MEDALLION WILL BE MINE!
IT'S NOT THE STRONG WHO ALWAYS WIN.. BUT THE SLY ...AND THE CUNNING!

BUT SUDDENLY, A NEW VOICE IS HEARD, AS A THUNDEROUS SHOT RINGS OUT FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION...
CRACK!
ARRGGHHH...
CRAFTINESS WITHOUT INTELLIGENCE IS LESS THAN WORTHLESS, YOU UNSPEAKABLE LITTLE SWINE!


AND NOW, I'LL TAKE THE MEDALLION! I'VE WAITED FOR YEARS... SUFFERED EVERY TAUNT... EVERY INDIGNITY... I WAS CONTENT TO BE FEEPERS, THE HUMBLE FLUNKY... FOR I ALWAYS KNEW THIS SUPREME MOMENT WOULD ONE DAY BE MINE!
OUTSIDE WORLD IS BIGGER JUNGLE THAN KA-ZAR KNOWS! TOO MUCH FIGHTING! TOO MUCH HATRED! ALL MEN MAD!
NOT MAD KA-ZAR... SOMETHING FAR WORSE... SOMETHING FAR MORE DANGEROUS... THEY'RE FILLED WITH GREED!

AND, AS THE JUNGLE LORD DARTS AND DODGES LIKE A RAGE-FILLED TIGER, THE MEDALLION WITHIN HIS WAIST POUCH BEGINS TO VIBRATE, WITH EVER-INCREASING FORCE...
THIK!
THIK!
THIK!
THIK

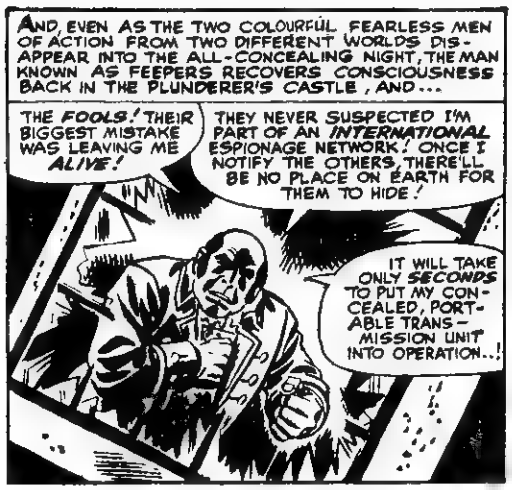
UNTIL...
NO! NO! THE MEDALLION... IT DESTROYED MY GUN! NOW I'M UNARMED! FACING THE SAVAGE... AND THE MASKED ADVENTURER... WITHOUT A WEAPON!
KRRACK!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, FEEPERS! ONE GOOD THING ABOUT BEING A COWARDLY BUTTERBALL IS... IT ONLY HURTS FOR A SECOND, AND THEN IT'S ALL OVER! SEE?
KA-ZAR... WAIT! DON'T GO RUSHING BLINDLY AHEAD! LET ME GUIDE YOU!
KA-ZAR WAIT FOR NOTHING! SICK OF OUTSIDE WORLD! KA-ZAR RETURN TO JUNGLE HOME... KA-ZAR RETURN TO ZABU!
WAP!

CRASH!
NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM HOME! YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER WHILE YOUR BROTHER LIVES! WAIT!

YOUR STRENGTH CAN'T SAVE YOU IN A WORLD OF GUNS AND TREACHERY! KA-ZAR... KA-ZAR...!
I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER HIM! HE NEEDS ME!

KA-ZAR... WAIT! I WANT TO HELP YOU!
NONE HELP LORD OF JUNGLE! KA-ZAR MASTER OF ALL!

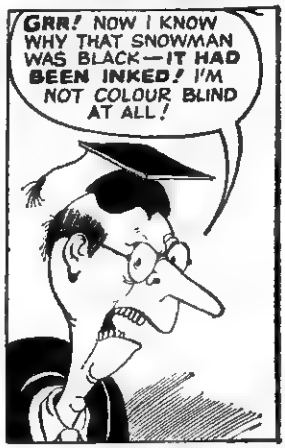


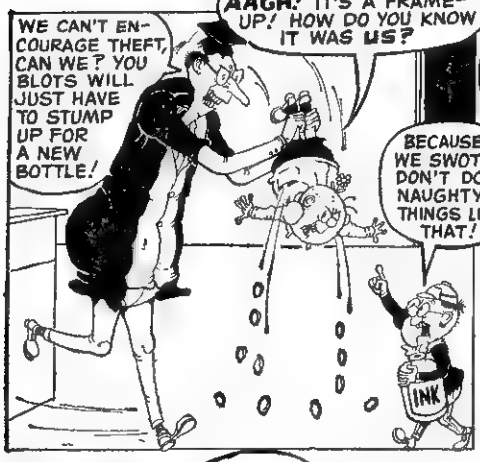
IS THIS DESTINED TO SPELL THE END FOR THE STRICKEN MEN — ???

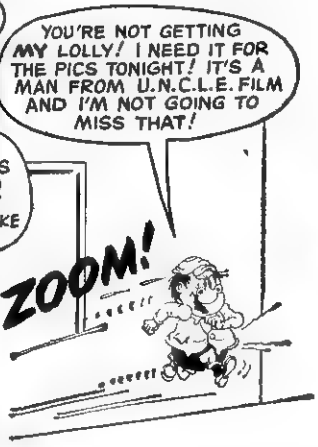
AND INTO WHOSE HANDS WILL THE ALL-POWERFUL MEDALLION FALL??

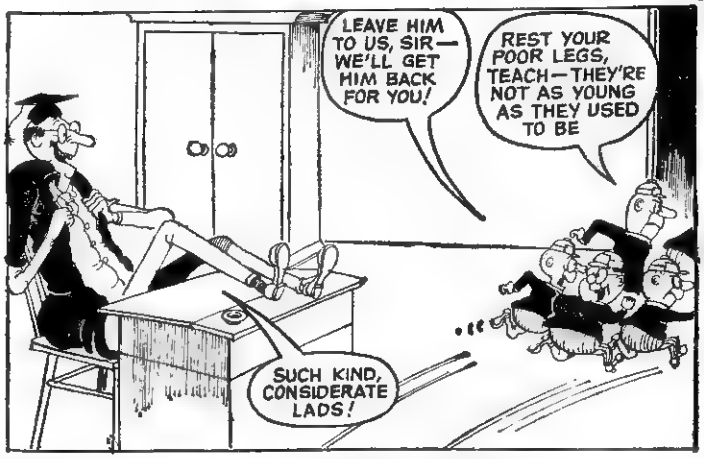
IF THOSE QUESTIONS AREN'T IMPORTANT TO YOU, THEN DON'T BOTHER TO ORDER SMASH NEXT WEEK— IN FACT, DON'T BOTHER TO GET OUT OF BED!

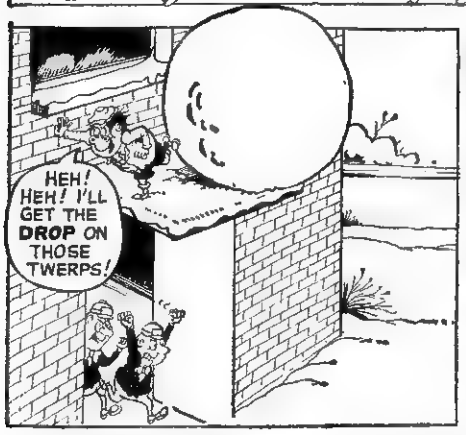
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

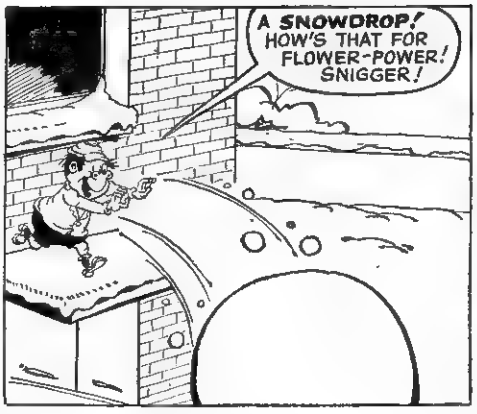


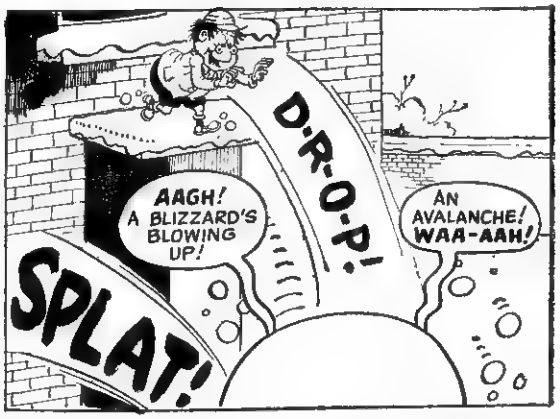


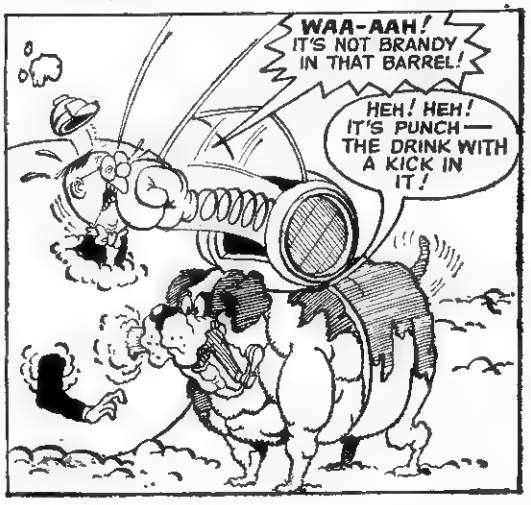


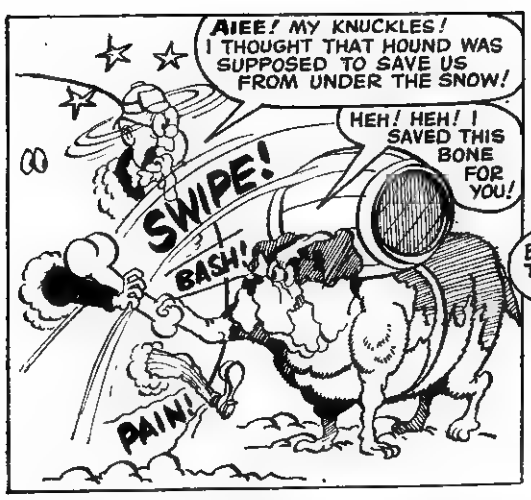


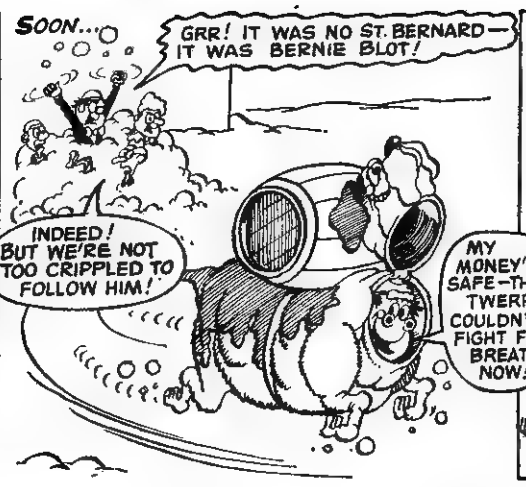


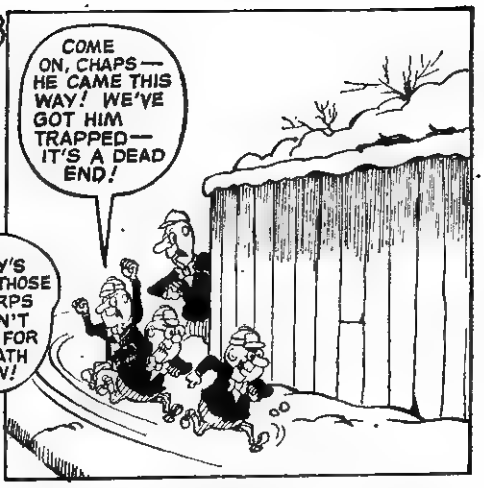


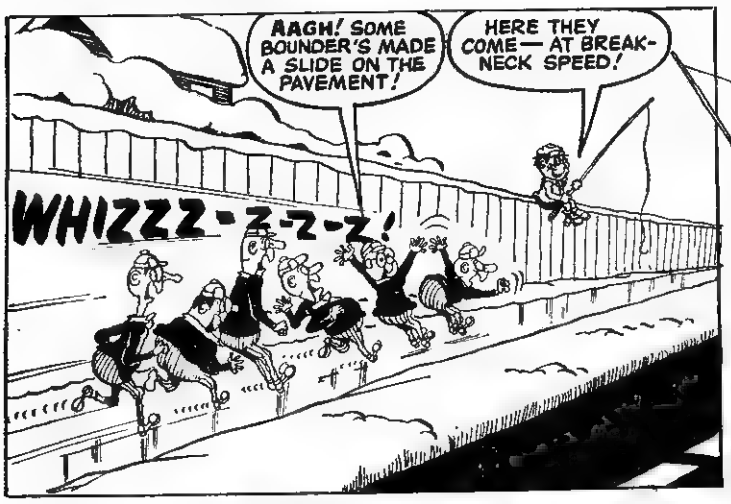


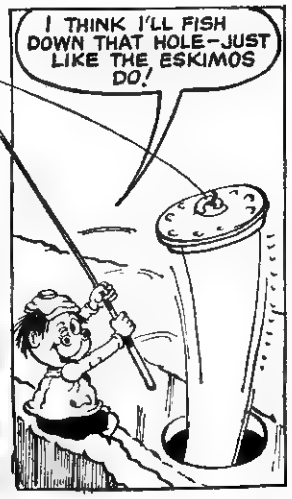



AIEE! MY KNUCKLES! I THOUGHT THAT HOUND WAS SUPPOSED TO SAVE US FROM UNDER THE SNOW!
HEH! HEH! I SAVED THIS BONE FOR YOU!
SWIPE!
BASH!
PAIN!


SOON...
GRR! IT WAS NO ST. BERNARD— IT WAS BERNIE BLOT!
INDEED! BUT WE'RE NOT TOO CRIPPLED TO FOLLOW HIM!
MY MONEY'S SAFE—THOSE TWERPS COULDN'T FIGHT FOR BREATH NOW!

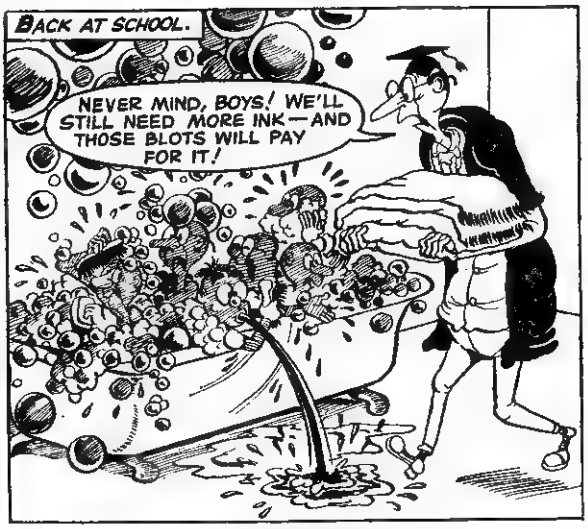

COME ON, CHAPS— HE CAME THIS WAY! WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED— IT'S A DEAD END!


AAGH! SOME BOUNDER'S MADE A SLIDE ON THE PAVEMENT!
HERE THEY COME— AT BREAK-NECK SPEED!
WHIZZZ-Z-Z-Z!


I THINK I'LL FISH DOWN THAT HOLE—JUST LIKE THE ESKIMOS DO!

COO! GREEDY OLD SWOTS—THEY'VE GRABBED IT FIRST!
AAGH! HE'S PINCHED THE MAN-HOLE COVER!

BOO! HOO! NOW HE'S MADE US ALL BLACK, TOO—WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A BATH!


BACK AT SCHOOL.
NEVER MIND, BOYS! WE'LL STILL NEED MORE INK—AND THOSE BLOTS WILL PAY FOR IT!

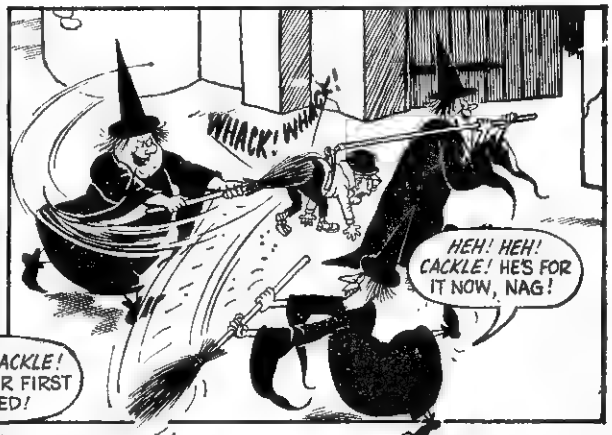
COME ALONG—LET'S FORGET ABOUT BERNIE—I'LL GET THE MONEY FROM THE REST OF THOSE BLOTS!

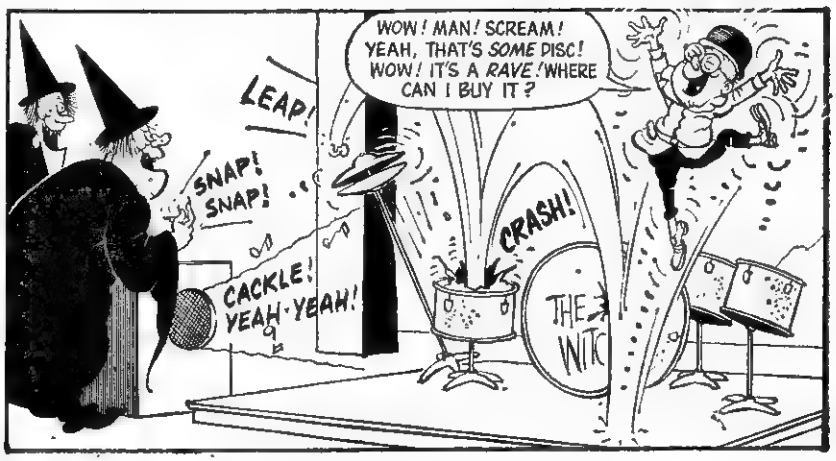
RIGHT, THEN— I'VE SETTLED FOR THREEPENCE A HEAD! STUMP UP!
YOU TELL THEM, SIR—YOU'RE THE BOSS!
GASP!!

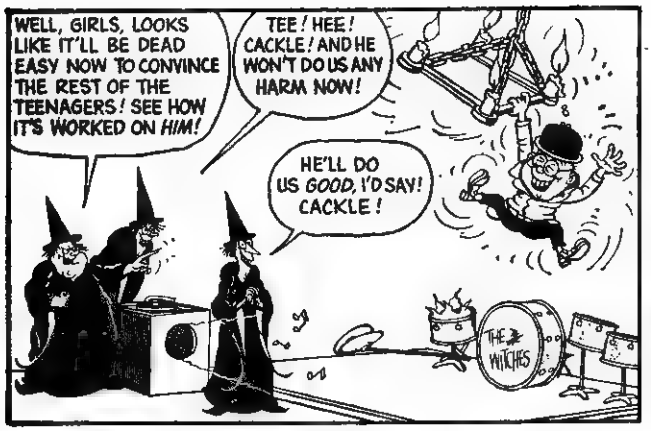
KEEP YOUR LOLLY IN YOUR POCKETS, LADS—WE DON'T NEED TO BUY INK NOW!
?

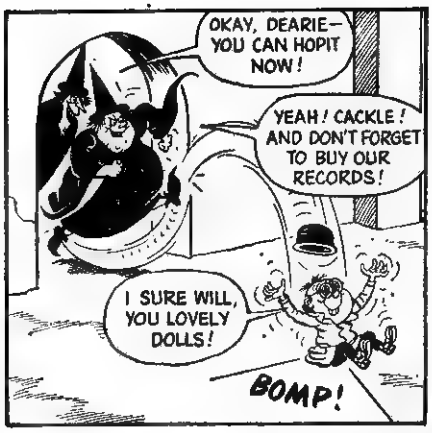
SEE—THE SWOTS' BATHWATER WILL MAKE SMASHING BLACK INK!
I GIVE UP! I JUST GIVE UP!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.





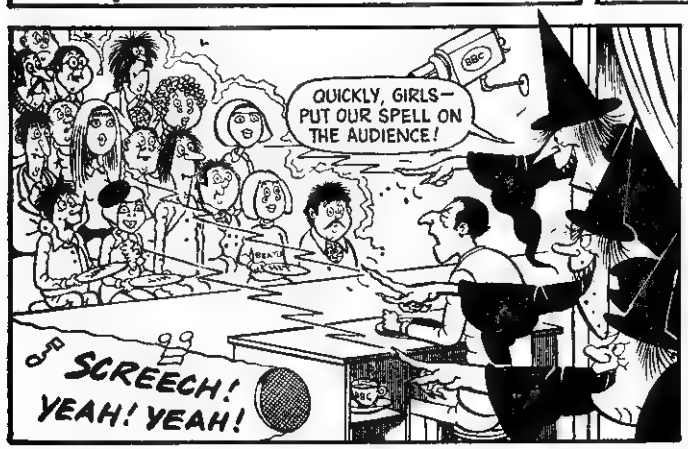

WELL, GIRLS, LOOKS LIKE IT'LL BE DEAD EASY NOW TO CONVINCE THE REST OF THE TEENAGERS! SEE HOW IT'S WORKED ON HIM!
TEE! HEE! CACKLE! AND HE WON'T DO US ANY HARM NOW!
HE'LL DO US GOOD, I'D SAY! CACKLE!
THE WITCHES


OKAY, DEARIE— YOU CAN HOP IT NOW!
YEAH! CACKLE! AND DON'T FORGET TO BUY OUR RECORDS!
I SURE WILL, YOU LOVELY DOLLS!
BOMP!

MAN— YOU SHOULD HEAR THE WITCHES— THEY'RE GREAT, MAN!
M.I.5.
WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT? I THOUGHT I SENT YOU TO INVESTIGATE THE FLYING SAUCERS RUMOUR?
LITTLE FORESTS POOLS

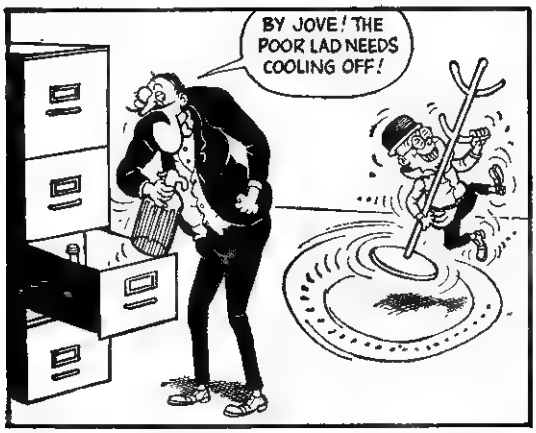
NEVER MIND SOPPY OLD FLYING SAUCERS, MAN! JUKE BOX JURY'S ON!
CLICK!
SNAP!
GOODNESS ME! I ALWAYS NEW HE WAS ROUND THE BEND—BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS THAT FAR ROUND!

MEANWHILE, AT THE TV STUDIOS...
AND NOW HERE'S A RECORD BY A NEW GROUP CALLED THE WITCHES...
JIMMY SAVILLE ROW
RUSTY SPRING BOMBA
HERMAN MITT
SANDY R.U SHAW?


QUICKLY, GIRLS— PUT OUR SPELL ON THE AUDIENCE!
SCREECH! YEAH! YEAH!

YEAH! CACKLE! YEAH!
WAIL! YEAH! YEAH! CACKLE!
MAN—THEY'RE THE GREATEST! YEAH!

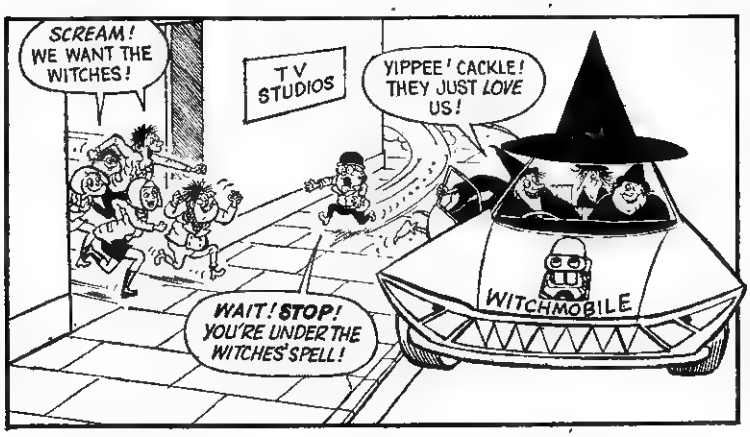
AND SO THINKS THE AUDIENCE...
IT'S A HIT! A HIT!
HIT
HIT
HIT
HIT
HIT
HIT
HIT
HIT

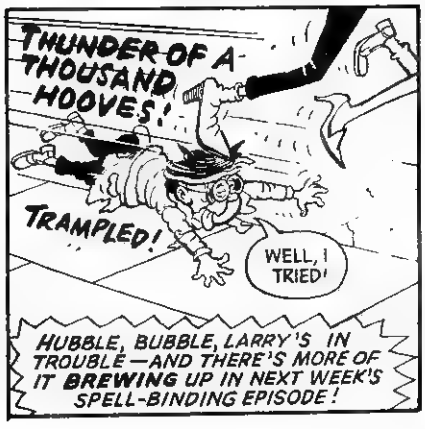

BY JOVE! THE POOR LAD NEEDS COOLING OFF!

SPLOSH!

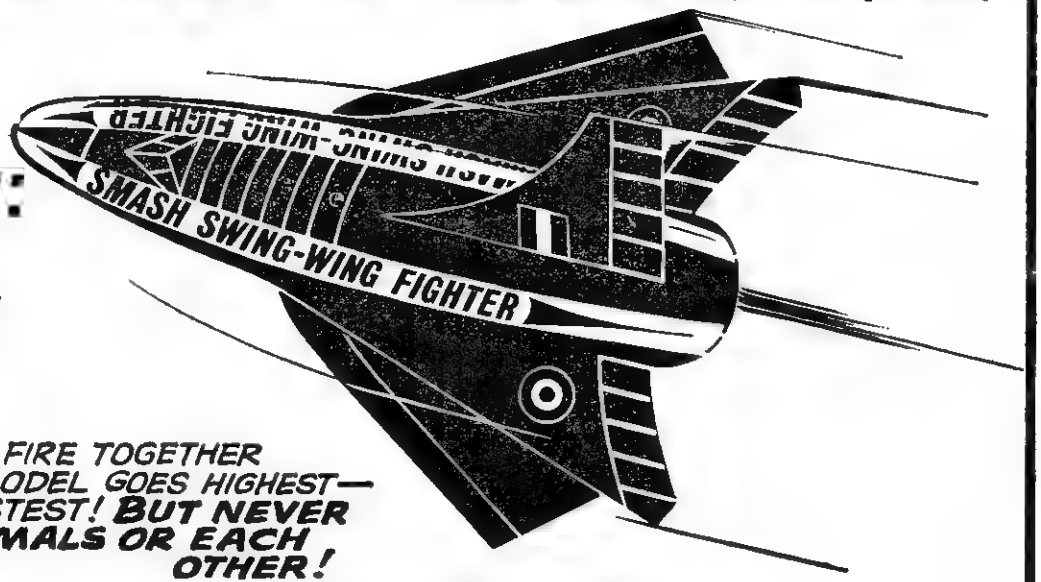
HALLO—WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?
YOU LOOKED AS IF YOU WERE UNDER SOME INFLUENCE, LAD —SO I GAVE YOU THE SODA WATER TREATMENT!
AND IT WORKS! LARRY IS BACK TO NORMAL—OR SHOULD WE SAY NEAR NORMAL—AGAIN...

GOSH! NOW I ... REMEMBER! CHIEF— I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THOSE WITCHES BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
ZOOM!


SCREAM! WE WANT THE WITCHES!
TV STUDIOS
YIPPEE! CACKLE! THEY JUST LOVE US!
WITCHMOBILE
WAIT! STOP! YOU'RE UNDER THE WITCHES' SPELL!


THUNDER OF A THOUSAND HOOVES!
TRAMPLED!
WELL, I TRIED!
HUBBLE, BUBBLE, LARRY'S IN TROUBLE—AND THERE'S MORE OF IT BREWING UP IN NEXT WEEK'S SPELL-BINDING EPISODE!

GET THE BEST OUT OF YOUR *SMASH* FIGHTER!



FORMATION FLYING:

GET TOGETHER WITH YOUR **POWER** PALS, STAND IN FORMATION—AND LAUNCH YOUR FIGHTERS INTO THE AIR TOGETHER...

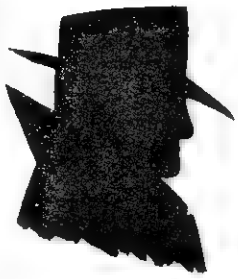
AERIAL RACES: ALL FIRE TOGETHER AND SEE WHOSE MODEL GOES HIGHEST—FURTHEST—OR FASTEST! **BUT NEVER AIM IT AT ANIMALS OR EACH OTHER!**

HOW TO LAUNCH YOUR FIGHTER...

HOLD CARDBOARD LAUNCHING 'STICK' THIN EDGE UP. HOOK RUBBER BAND (BENEATH THE NOSE OF FIGHTER) INTO GROOVE OF LAUNCHER.

AIM YOUR FIGHTER, AND PULL IT BACK OVER THE **TOP EDGE** OF LAUNCHING 'STICK', SO THAT IT DOES NOT HIT THE 'STICK' WHEN YOU LET GO!

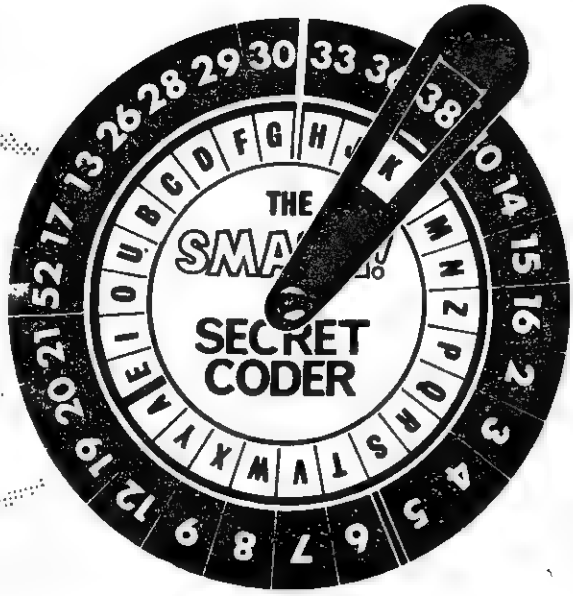
AND NOW...



CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?

You will with the SMASH SECRET CODER!

A VARIETY OF DIFFERENT CODES AT YOUR FINGERTIPS



SEND AND 'CRACK' MESSAGES INSTANTLY THAT NO OUTSIDER WILL EVER UNDERSTAND

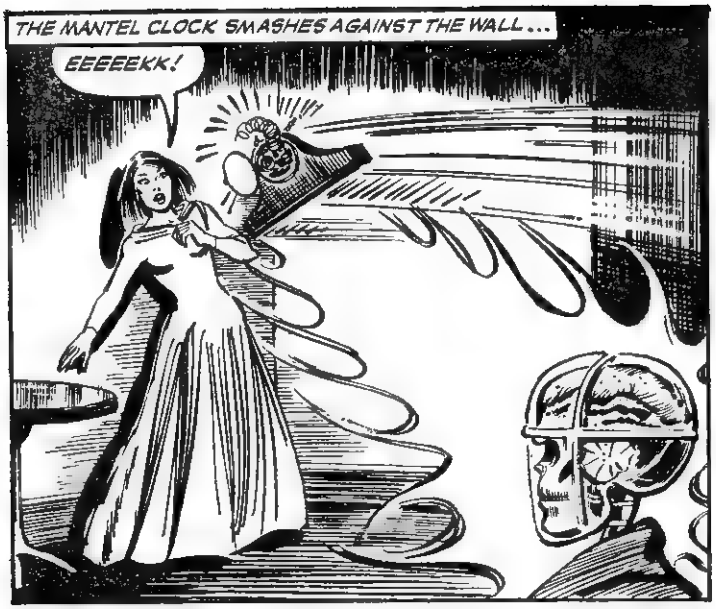
IT'S A **MUST** FOR YOUR GANG OR SECRET SOCIETY

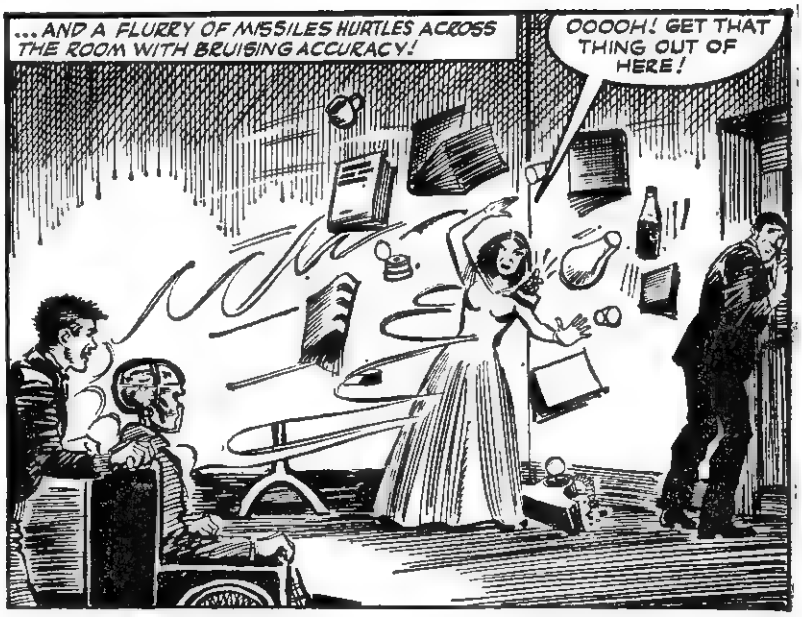
FREE

WITH EVERY COPY OF NEXT WEEK'S SUPER-SMASH! SO ORDER IT TODAY!

JUST A FRAGILE HEAD...WITH THE POWER OF AN H-BOMB! IT IS...

BRIAN'S BRAIN


THE MANTEL CLOCK SMASHES AGAINST THE WALL...
EEEEEKK!


...AND A FLURRY OF MISSILES HURTLES ACROSS THE ROOM WITH BRUISING ACCURACY!
OOOOH! GET THAT THING OUT OF HERE!

YOU, BOY! TAKE IT! TAKE THE BRAIN OUT OF MY HOUSE!
NO! I DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT ... WHAT IS MAKING ME SAY THOSE WORDS?

DUFFY OPENS THE DOORS OUT INTO THE GARDEN...
COME ON, BRAIN! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE WHILE WE'VE GOT THE CHANCE!
AT LAST THIS DIM-WIT DUFFY DOES WHAT I WANT... EVEN THOUGH I WAS COMPELLED TO ISSUE MY INSTRUCTIONS TO HIM THROUGH THE LIPS OF THAT EVIL WOMAN!

I MUST GET HELP FROM THE VILLAGE!

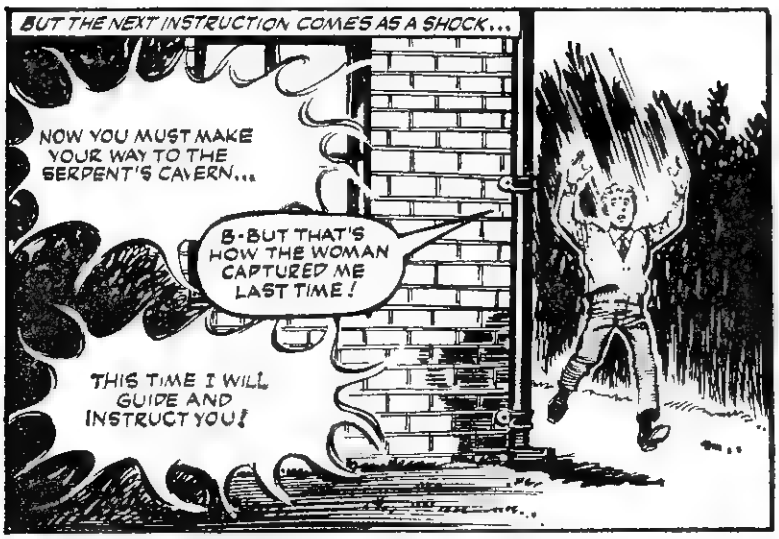
AT THE VILLAGE HOTEL...
YOU MUST HELP US! THE SERPENT ATTACKED US... AND MY FRIEND HAS VANISHED!
AND I AM SURE THAT THE WOMAN IN THE HOUSE BY ITS LAIR IS BEHIND EVERY EVIL THING THAT HAS HAPPENED IN THIS VALLEY.

THE WOMAN HAS THE BOY ... AND INTENDS TO KEEP HIM PRISONER!
HOW DOES THE BRAIN KNOW THAT? I DIDN'T!
KIDNAPPING, EH? I'D BETTER GET THE LAW IN ON THIS!

AND SO...
WHITE SERPENTS I DON'T UNDERSTAND.. BUT KIDNAPPING'S A CRIME, AND I DO UNDERSTAND THAT! AND IT'S GOOD OF YOU MEN TO COME ALONG!
GLAD TO HELP, CONSTABLE... AND YOU MAY NEED HELP AGAINST THAT BIG HULK OF A MAN-SERVANT THE WOMAN IN WHITE HAS LIVING IN THE HOUSE!

THE BRAIN KNOWS WHERE BRIAN IS BECAUSE IT IS ABLE TO SEE AND HEAR THROUGH BRIAN'S EYES AND EARS!
YOU CAN FREE YOURSELF, NOW, BRIAN... BUT YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO FREE YOUR FATHER...

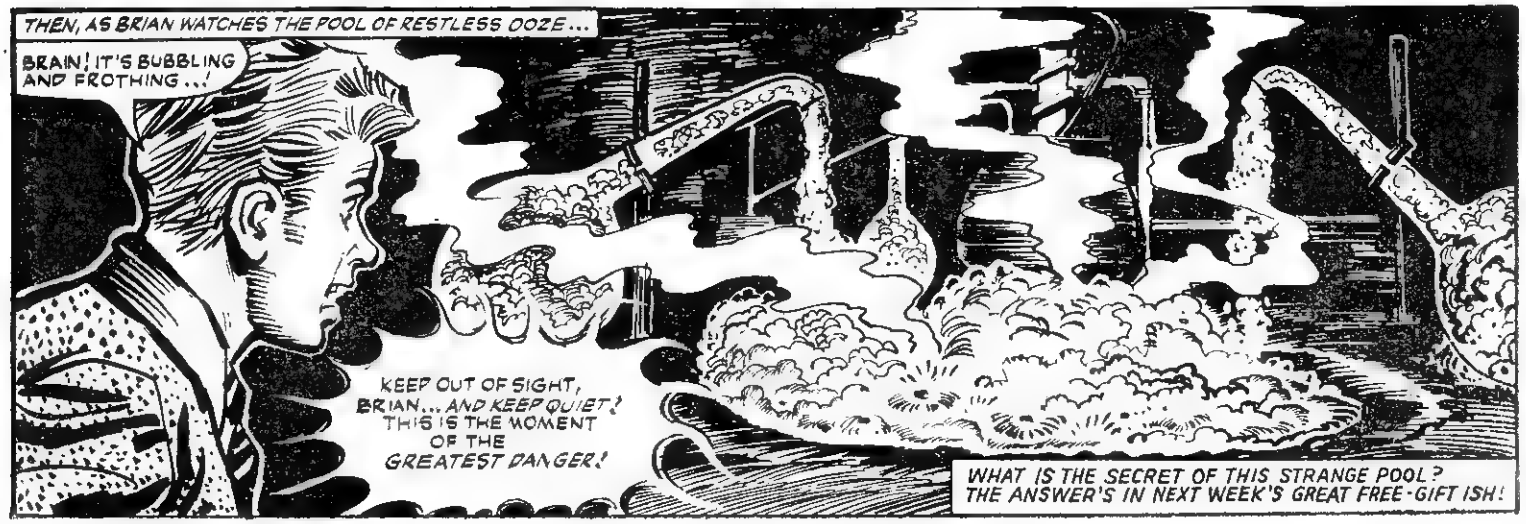
AND THE BRAIN USES MENTAL TELEPATHY TO PASS ON INSTRUCTIONS TO THE BOY...
I HAVE A PLAN, BRIAN... FIRST YOU MUST LEAVE THIS HOUSE AS SECRETLY AS POSSIBLE...
RIGHT, BRAIN... JUST KEEP TELLING ME WHAT TO DO!


BUT THE NEXT INSTRUCTION COMES AS A SHOCK...
NOW YOU MUST MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE SERPENT'S CAVERN...
B-BUT THAT'S HOW THE WOMAN CAPTURED ME LAST TIME!
THIS TIME I WILL GUIDE AND INSTRUCT YOU!

AND SO...
MOVE QUIETLY, BRIAN! KEEP TO THE WALL... APPROACH THAT DISTANT LIGHT!

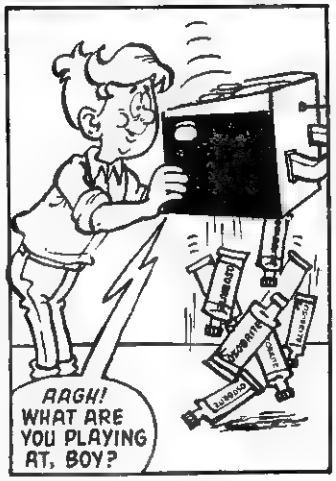
AS BRIAN APPROACHES THE EERIE GLEAM, HE CASTS EYES UPON THE STRANGEST SIGHT HE HAS EVER BEHELD!
IS THIS THE MONSTER'S HOME..? BUT— WHERE IS THE MONSTER?

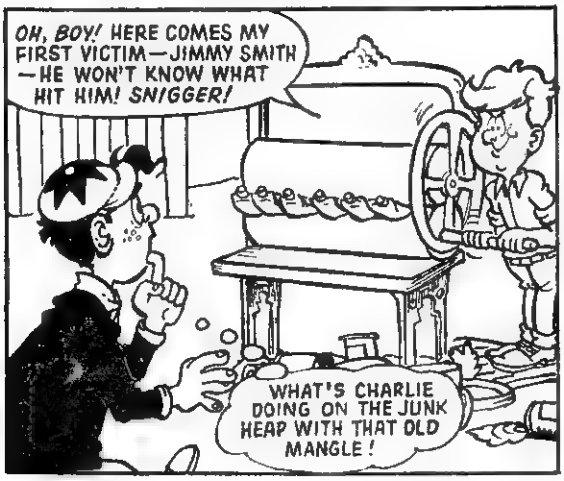
AT THAT MOMENT...
M'LADY! A GROUP OF VILLAGERS ARE COMING THIS WAY! I CAN SEE THE VILLAGE POLICEMAN .... AND....
NEVER MIND A LIST OF THEIR NAMES ... I'LL SOON SCARE OFF THAT GAGGLE OF NINNIES!

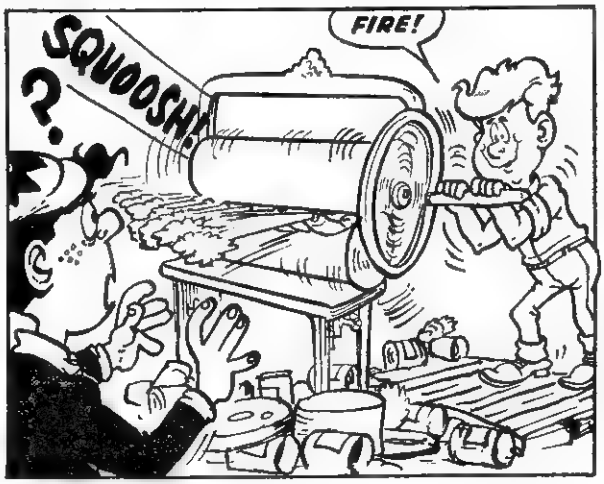

THEN, AS BRIAN WATCHES THE POOL OF RESTLESS OOZE...
BRAIN! IT'S BUBBLING AND FROTHING...!
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, BRIAN... AND KEEP QUIET! THIS IS THE MOMENT OF THE GREATEST DANGER!
WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THIS STRANGE POOL? THE ANSWER'S IN NEXT WEEK'S GREAT FREE-GIFT ISH!

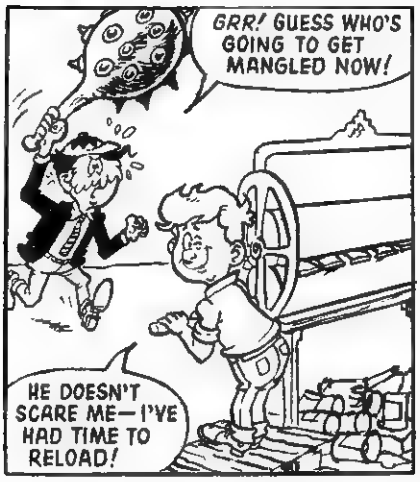
Charlie's Choice

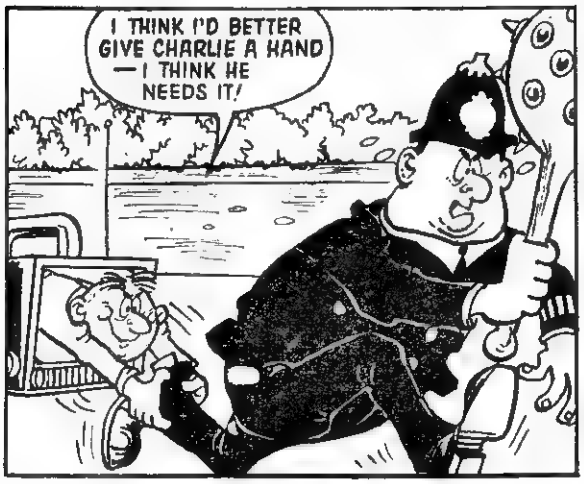
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!

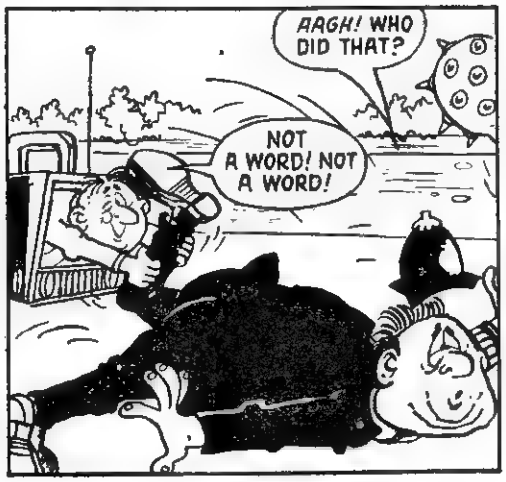






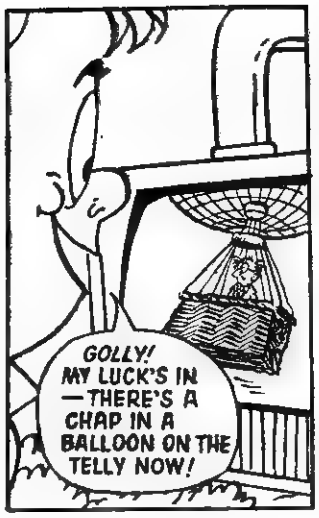


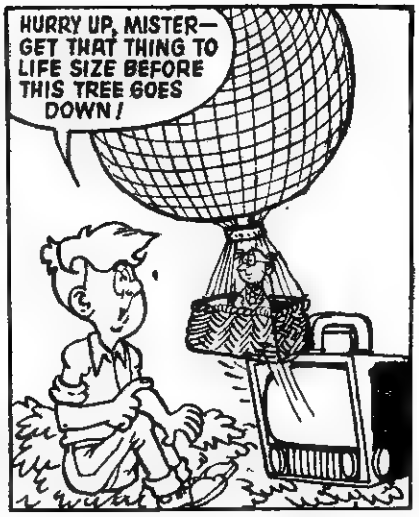




SO MUCH FOR A BIT OF FUN!

GRR! HE WON'T BE SAFE UP THERE FOR LONG!
AAGH! I'M GOING TO GET THE CHOP— P.C. NICK'S FOUND ME!

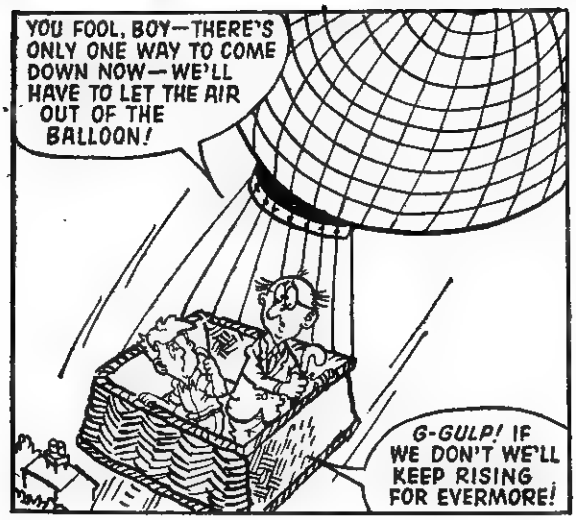

GOLLY! MY LUCK'S IN —THERE'S A CHAP IN A BALLOON ON THE TELLY NOW!


HURRY UP, MISTER— GET THAT THING TO LIFE SIZE BEFORE THIS TREE GOES DOWN!

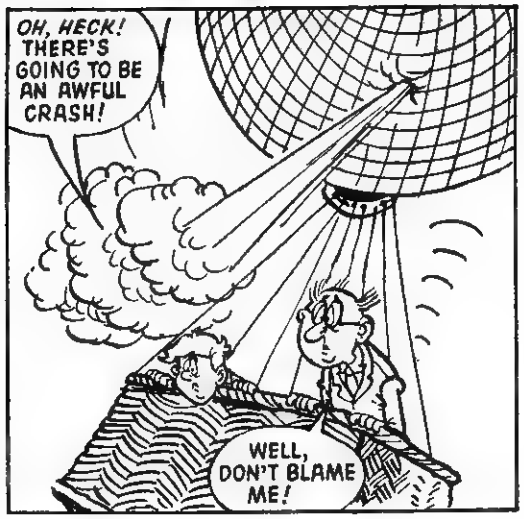
WAA-AAH! WHERE DID THAT THING COME FROM? HE'S ESCAPED ME AGAIN!

HEH! HEH! I CAN'T RESIST THIS!

AAGH! DON'T, CHARLIE—THAT'S OUR BALLAST— WE'LL GO UP AND UP AND AWAY!
WH-WHAT?
CRUNCH!
WAA-AAH!


YOU FOOL, BOY—THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO COME DOWN NOW—WE'LL HAVE TO LET THE AIR OUT OF THE BALLOON!
G-GULP! IF WE DON'T WE'LL KEEP RISING FOR EVERMORE!

STAB!


OH, HECK! THERE'S GOING TO BE AN AWFUL CRASH!
WELL, DON'T BLAME ME!

CRUNCH!

THANK GOODNESS I'M BACK TO TELLY SIZE—THE SOONER I GET AWAY FROM THAT CLOT THE BETTER!

HO! HO! WE DON'T NEED TO MANGLE HIM NOW— CHARLIE'S MANGLED HIMSELF!
WEAR A HAPPY SMILE —USE OSOBRITE TOOTHPASTE!

SMASH-CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W. C. 2.

MAKE YOUR POCKET-MONEY 'S-T-R-E-T-C-H' FURTHER!

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED—YOU WIN £1!

Sir,
I would like to comment on what you call "The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E." I think it is ridiculous. It is not very funny, especially not for us girls, and I would like to add that all of the stories in this comic are for boys and the only one that is for girls is Bad Penny—and that's not very funny. I think you ought to be fair. Please would you change some of the stories and put in some girls' stories—and I DON'T mean like Bad Penny! I hope you don't think me cheeky writing in like this, but you ought to change them because they are not very interesting.

Miss Sandra Elliston,
Rhondda, Glamorgan.

Madam,
Now you've really got us scratching our heads. What sort of girls' story do you want? Er—how about the Girl from AUNTIE — or would that be ridiculous? Let's pass this one on to the rest of you frantic followers for your ideas.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alfred and Cosmos,
I have just wrote to tell you that this is a very nice letter and you had better print it. (I'm not boasting, you know.) I have thought up a new super-hero—BATMAN! Bet you never heard of him. Well, he has a companion called Batmobile and drives a car named Robin (sorry, names muddled up). He is a foreigner and wears glasses I think. I'm not sure but I think I have spotted a boob in Ish 300. I have got a cough (atishoo!), sorry about that. But now to begin the letter (my letter). You had better send me that £4 note (whoops £1, mean old you). I am sure you can understand this (I think) and hope it will help you with your comics.

Complicatedly yours,
Me Lovable Me (Mark Baker),
Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Not being rude (natch), but we've made a MENTAL note to send you a pound.
Us Lovable Us (Alf and Cos).

Dear Alf and Cos,
I have found a boob in SMASH No. 98. It is the part where the police commissioner is told by Chief O'Hara that there is "Nothing left, commissioner—nothing even the size of a PENNY." You should know that the Americans have cents! But I like EVERYTHING — repeat EVERYTHING — else in your great book.

Yours smashingly,
Robert Greig,
Ayrshire, Scotland.

Not so, Rob. Americans often call a cent a penny, just as some people we know call five shillings a dollar. What do you call a pound? A quid? Personally, we call it a miracle, when we get one.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Some time ago my mum stripped her bed—and a swarm of bees buzzed out of the mattress! They had obviously found it a nice, warm refuge in the cold weather and had even made a honeycomb!

Richard Brown,
Wellingborough, Northants.

Would you BEElieve it, Richard!
Alf and Cos.

DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK!

When you write to us, fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your letter. Then we can be sure that we are filling our paper with the features you like best!

My favourite feature is: .....

The feature I dislike is: .....

To: Smash, 64 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

The chances are you're a FANTASTIC fan!

Because most Powerfans are FANTASTIC fans!

And as you and we know that's something to be PROUD of! So to help you BE proud we're giving away . . . next week . . . entirely no-cash FREE, a geary pin-on badge which says JUST THAT . . . that you are indeed a fully paid-up fantastic fan!

And if you feel like ringing the changes . . . there's four right-size portraits of some favourite Powerhouse characters . . . which you can stick on your badge!

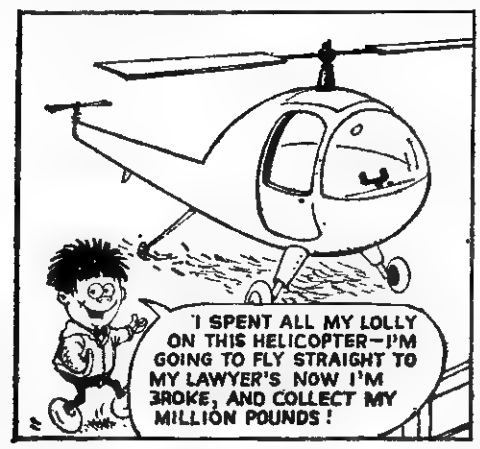
PLUS: PAGES OF MIGHTY ACTION WITH THE HAMMER-THROWING THUNDER GOD **THOR!**

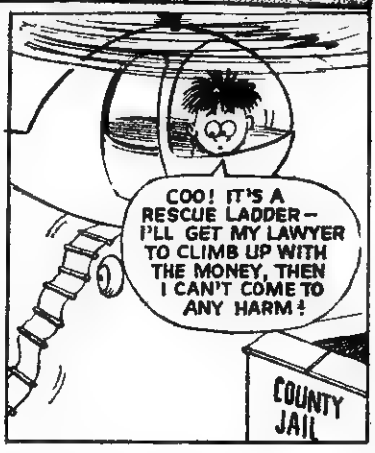
- WEIRD THRILLS WITH **DOCTOR STRANGE**, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!
- WAYOUT ADVENTURE WITH THE MUTANT **X-MEN!**
- BREATHTAKING COMBAT WITH **THE AVENGERS**, THE GREATEST FIGHTING TEAM IN COMICS' HISTORY!

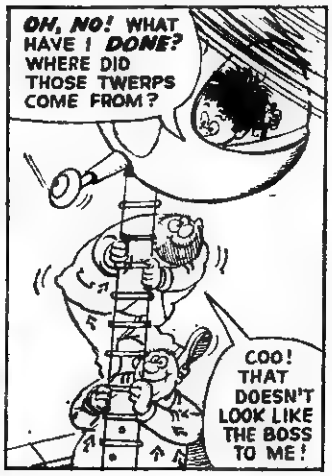
...ALL YOURS...in FANTASTIC THIS WEEK!

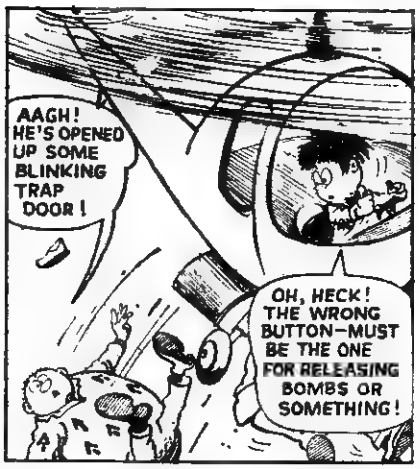
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

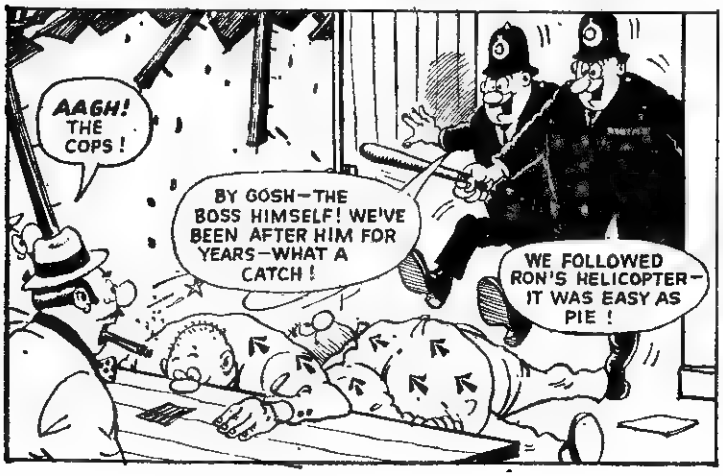
RONNIE RICH

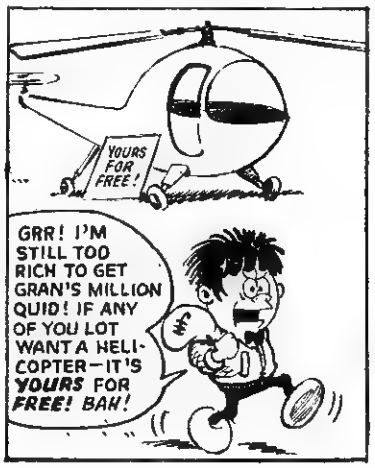




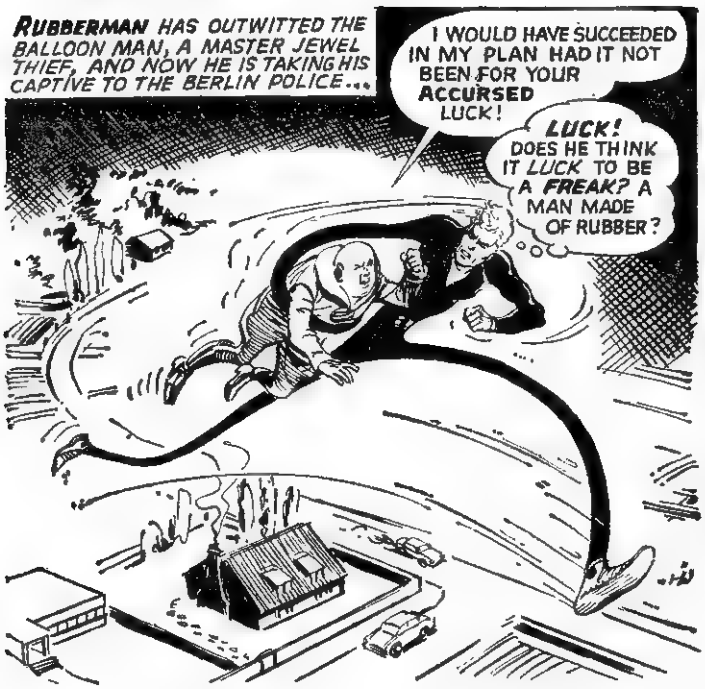


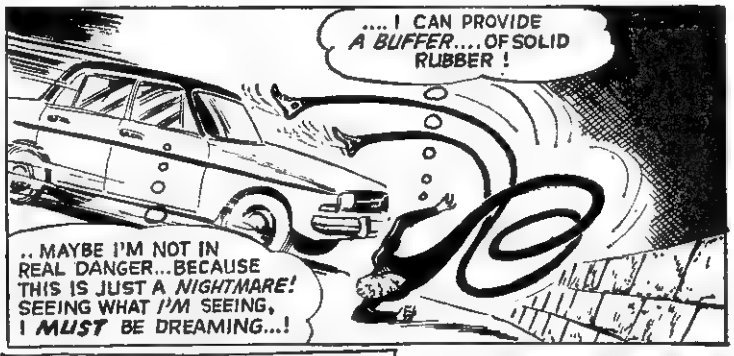






THE RUBBERMAN!





NOT THINKING OF DEPRIVING US OF YOUR COMPANY, WERE YOU?
GOSH!

SAM HUTT, A NOT-TOO-BRIGHT PRIVATE DETECTIVE, HAS ONE OF THE FEW GOOD IDEAS HE HAS EVER HAD.....
WE HAD A DATE WITH THE BERLIN POLICE, REMEMBER?
WITH A PARTNER LIKE HIM I'D BE THE TOP PRIVATE-EYE IN THE BUSINESS! WITH MY BRAINS AND HIS... HIS..... HEY! THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO WORK ON!

LISTEN, RUBBERMAN, WE'D BE THE GREATEST! WE'D SPLIT ALL PROFIT STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE!
...NOT INTERESTED! I DON'T NEED THE MONEY!

TWO HOURS LATER....
OKAY, SO YOU DON'T NEED THE MONEY. BUT I DO, RUBBERMAN. AND YOU'RE A DECENT FELLER...AND ALL DECENT FELLERS LIKE TO HELP OTHER FELLERS.
FORGET IT, SAM! I'VE GOT ENOUGH ON MY HANDS TRYING TO FIND THE MAN WHO MADE ME WHAT I AM. AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING....!
POLIZEI-KOMMISSARIAT
WURSTEREI

YOU DON'T!?! OKAY— YOU HELP ME, AND I'LL HELP YOU LOOK FOR THIS GUY! TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE, AREN'T THEY...?
MAYBE YOU DO HAVE A POINT THERE, SAM. SUPPOSING I AGREE...WHAT'S THIS CASE YOU'RE WORKING ON?

...AT FIRST I FIGURED MY BRAKES HAD BEEN TAMPERED WITH BECAUSE OF THIS JOB....
... BUT THE MORE I THINK OF IT, THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
"...YOU SEE THIS JOB I'M ON HAS TO DO WITH SOME SPOOKY PLACE ON THE COAST, CALLED 'THE CASTLE OF THE CURSE'!"

"...AND THE GUY WE'RE AFTER IS A GHOST! THE LOCALS CALL HIM... 'THE MAESTRO'! NOW, ARE YOU WITH ME, RUBBERMAN?"
WILL RUBBERMAN ACCEPT THIS NEW CHALLENGE—OR WILL HE CONTINUE HIS DESPERATE SEARCH FOR THE FAKIR ALONE? YOU'LL FIND OUT WHEN WE DO— AND THAT'S NEXT ISH!

THE NERVS

COR! THAT'S A NASTY CUT FATTY'S GOT IN HIS FINGER, FRED!

YEAH, FRANKIE! WONDER HOW THE TWERP DID THAT?

FATTY'S FIRST FINGER

LOOK AT MY POOR FINGER — WE HAD BANGERS AND BEANS FOR DIN AND I MISTOOK MY FINGER FOR A BANGER AND CUT IT!

IT'S A WONDER THE TWERP DIDN'T *EAT* HIS FLIPPIN' FINGER WHILE HE WAS AT IT—HE'D EAT ANYTHING!

OH, DEAR! BILLY THE BELLY BULLY IS ON THE WARPATH!

HEH! HEH! THIS IS TOO GOOD A CHANCE TO MISS!

HO! HO! TWO FEET ARE BETTER THAN ONE! I'VE SCORED TWICE WITH ONE KICK!

AAGH!

WOP!

WHEEE

WHEEE

WHY COULDN'T FATTY HAVE HAD MINCE FOR DINNER?

YEAH! THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED THEN— YOU ONLY NEED A FORK FOR MINCE!

HELP! HELP! BILLY'S BOOTED FRED AND FRANK DOWN A CUT-CHASM! THEY'RE STRANDED AT THE BOTTOM —YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THEM OUT!

NFS

NERV FIRE SERVICE

TALLY-HO! FIREMEN TO THE RESCUE!

WHAT TWIT INVENTED POLES FOR FIREMEN INSTEAD OF LOVELY LONG LADDERS?

THIS ALWAYS HAPPENS! AAGH!

CRUNCH!

CRUMP!

THUMP!

AAGH! WATCH MY NUT!

BAH! THAT LOT COULDN'T SAVE STAMPS! I'D BETTER FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO RESCUE FRED AND FRANK!

NFS

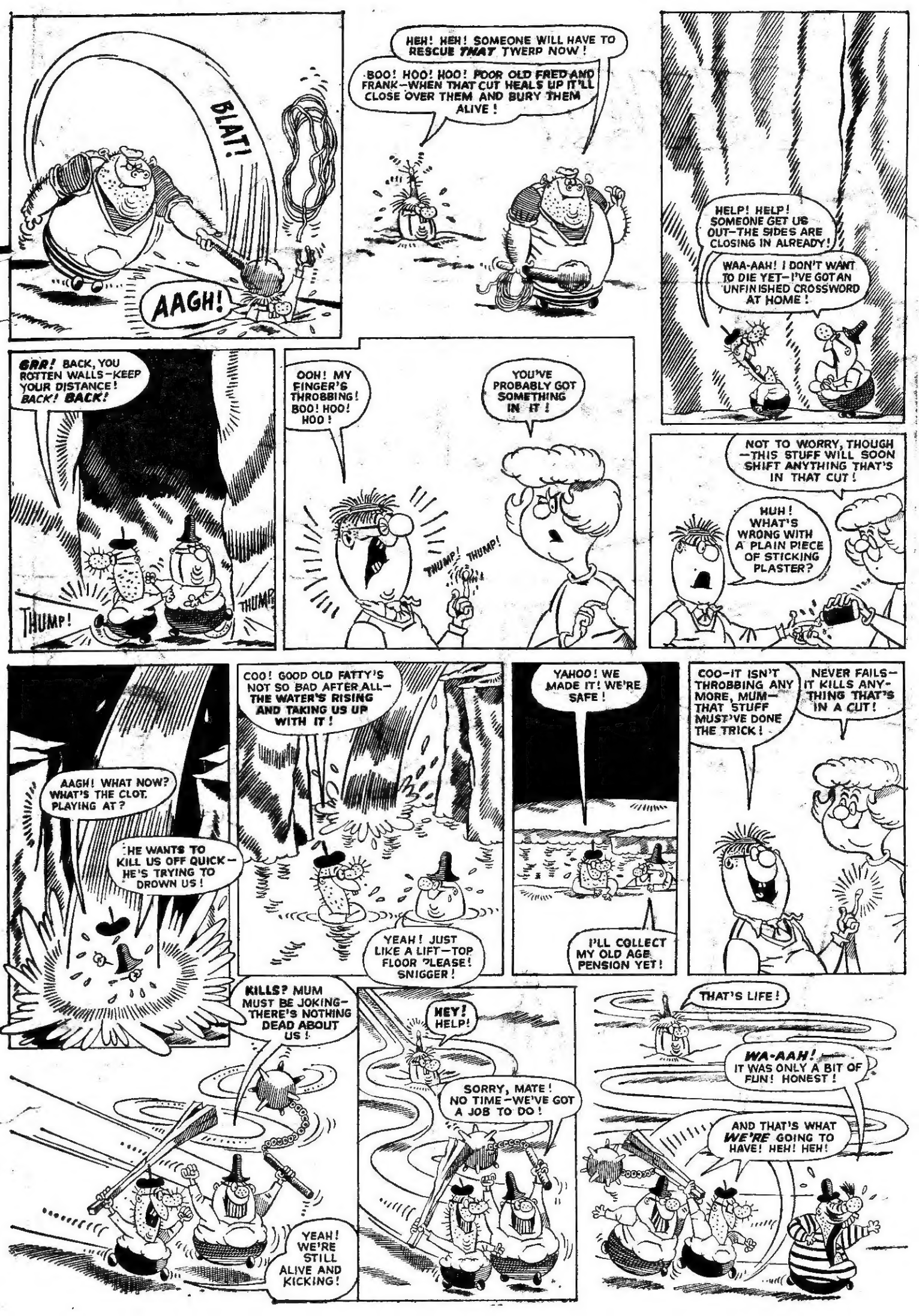
HEH! HEH! I'LL DO IT MYSELF! I-ER-BORROWED A SPARE HAM STRING FROM IN THERE—THE TWERPS WILL NEVER MISS IT!

HAM FACTORY

GRR! AND I WON'T MISS HIM WHEN I CLOBBER HIM WITH MY CLUB—I'LL GET THE BLOOMING SACK IF THE BOSS FINDS OUT I LET A BRAND NEW HAM STRING BE NICKED!

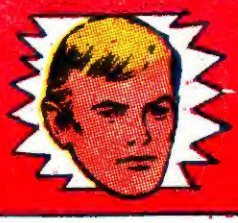
WAA-AAH! THINK OF POOR FRED AND FRANKIE! SOMEONE'S GOT TO GET THEM OUT?

NOT WITH MY HAM STRINGS, THEY DON'T! GRR!


BLAT!
AAGH!
HEH! HEH! SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO RESCUE THAT TWERP NOW!
BOO! HOO! HOO! POOR OLD FRED AND FRANK—WHEN THAT CUT HEALS UP IT'LL CLOSE OVER THEM AND BURY THEM ALIVE!
HELP! HELP! SOMEONE GET US OUT—THE SIDES ARE CLOSING IN ALREADY!
WAA-AAH! I DON'T WANT TO DIE YET—I'VE GOT AN UNFINISHED CROSSWORD AT HOME!
GRR! BACK, YOU ROTTEN WALLS—KEEP YOUR DISTANCE! BACK! BACK!
THUMP!
THUMP!
OOH! MY FINGER'S THROBBING! BOO! HOO! HOO!
YOU'VE PROBABLY GOT SOMETHING IN IT!
THUMP! THUMP!
NOT TO WORRY, THOUGH—THIS STUFF WILL SOON SHIFT ANYTHING THAT'S IN THAT CUT!
HUH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH A PLAIN PIECE OF STICKING PLASTER?
AAGH! WHAT NOW? WHAT'S THE CLOT PLAYING AT?
HE WANTS TO KILL US OFF QUICK—HE'S TRYING TO DROWN US!
COO! GOOD OLD FATTY'S NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL—THE WATER'S RISING AND TAKING US UP WITH IT!
YEAH! JUST LIKE A LIFT—TOP FLOOR PLEASE! SNIGGER!
YAHOO! WE MADE IT! WE'RE SAFE!
I'LL COLLECT MY OLD AGE PENSION YET!
COO—IT ISN'T THROBBING ANY MORE, MUM—THAT STUFF MUST'VE DONE THE TRICK!
NEVER FAILS—IT KILLS ANYTHING THAT'S IN A CUT!
KILLS? MUM MUST BE JOKING—THERE'S NOTHING DEAD ABOUT US!
YEAH! WE'RE STILL ALIVE AND KICKING!
HEY! HELP!
SORRY, MATE! NO TIME—WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!
THAT'S LIFE!
WA-AAH! IT WAS ONLY A BIT OF FUN! HONEST!
AND THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE! HEH! HEH!

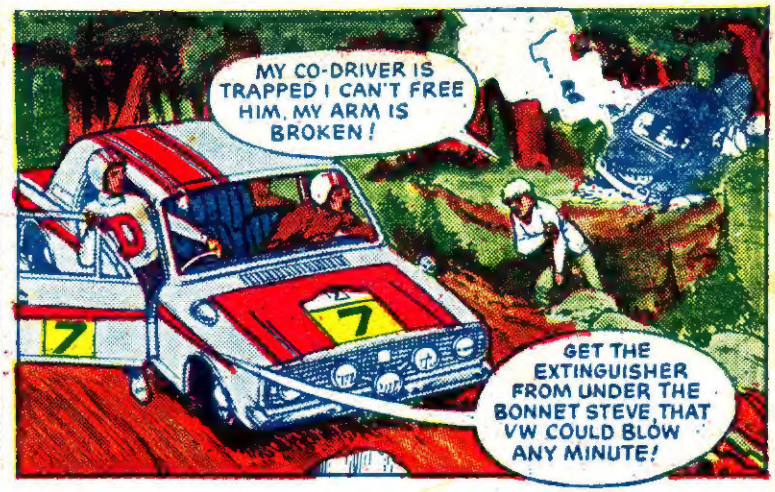
Another **DINKY TOYS** adventure with

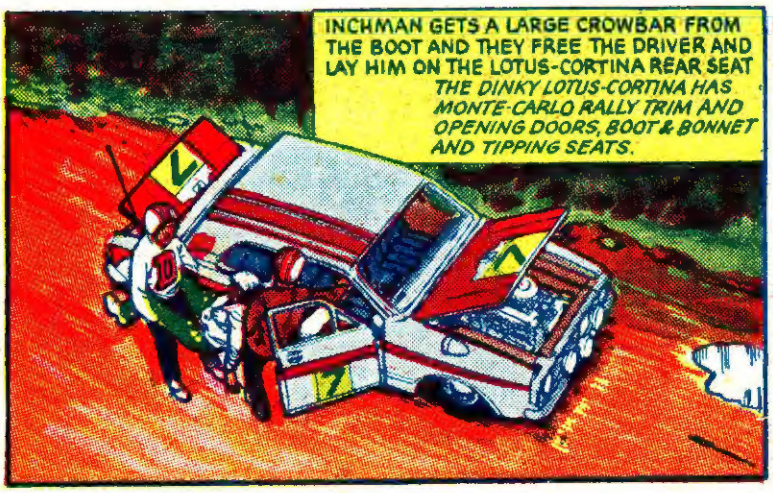
INCHMAN

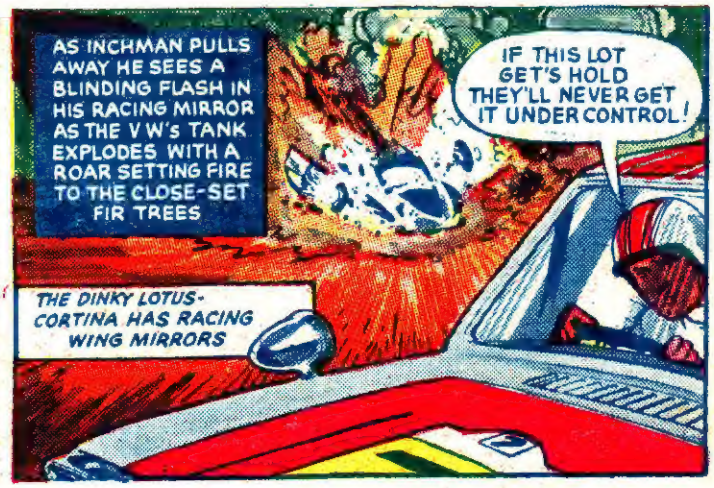


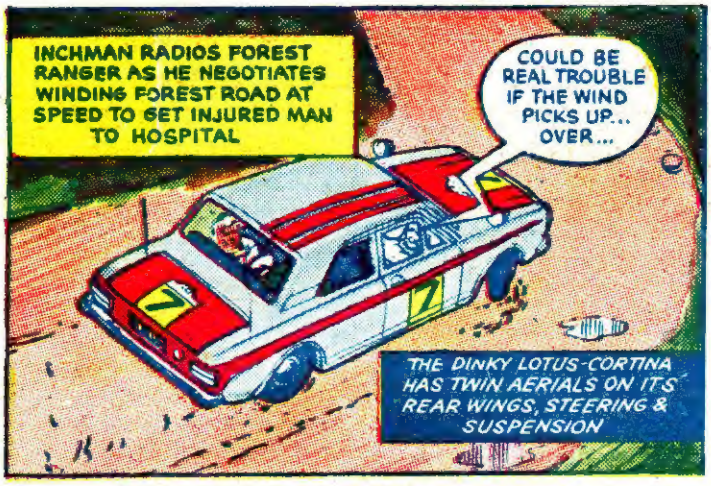
QUICK THINKING SAVES DISASTER!

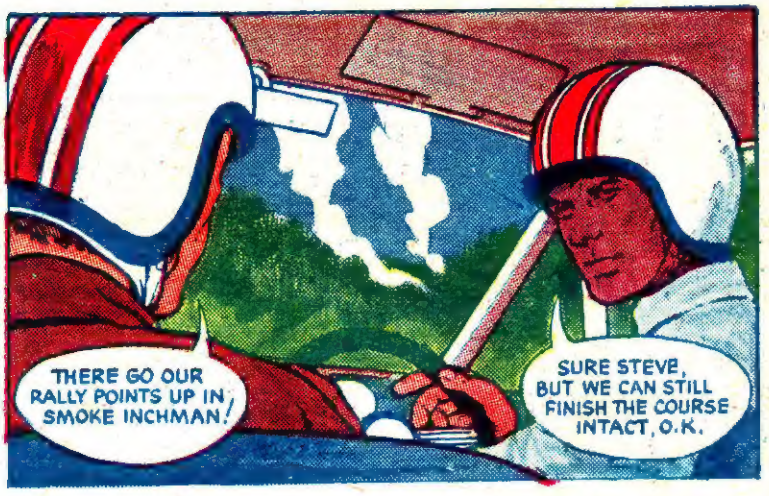
DRIVING A LOTUS-CORTINA THROUGH FOREST COUNTRY IN FRANCE ON A MONTE-CARLO RALLY INCHMAN IS WAVED DOWN BY A COMPETITOR WHOSE VW HAD SPUN OFF THE ROAD AND CRASHED.











HAVE SOME REAL ADVENTURES OF YOUR OWN WITH THIS SUPERB NEW DINKY. Ask for model Nº205 Price 8'11

THE DINKY LOTUS-CORTINA RALLY CAR HAS MONTE-CARLO RALLY TRIM, TRIPLE SPOT LIGHTS, RACING WING MIRRORS, TWIN AERIALS, OPENING BOOT AND BONNET (WITH DETAILED ENGINE) OPENING DOORS AND TIPPING SEATS, STEERING, SUSPENSION AND NUMBER PLATES

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS